

HOURS AT HOME:

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DEVOTED TO

Religious and Useful Literature.

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J. M. SHERWOOD.

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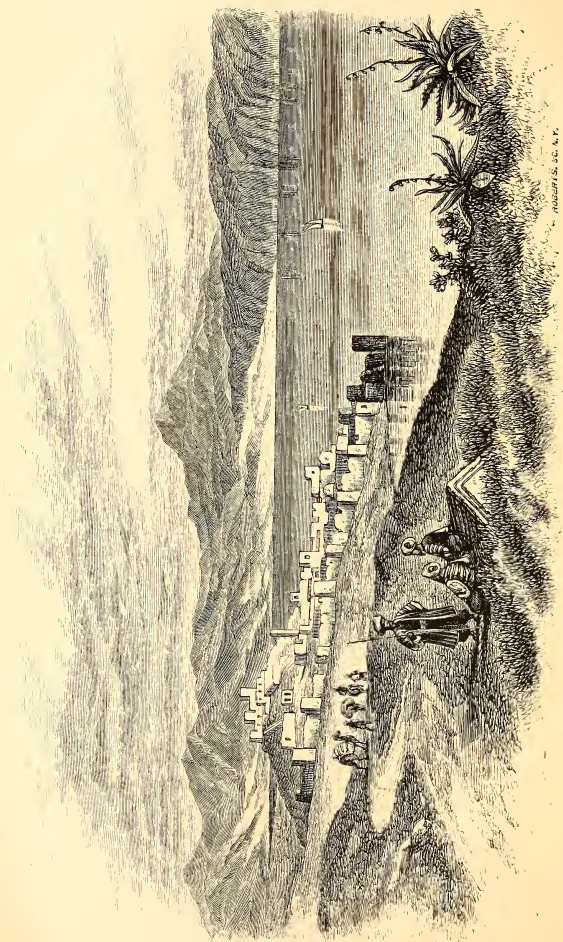
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THE SEA OF GALILEE AND CITY OF TIBERIAS.—See page 438.

HOURS AT HOME;

A POPULAR

MAGAZINE OF RELIGIOUS AND USEFUL LITERATURE

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

No. 5.

DANGERS AND DEMANDS OF THE NEW ERA.

CONFIDENCE rules the hour. Loyal men all conceive that the Republic will now pass into a new career of strength and glory. The time is, indeed, full of promise. It is certain that the nation has been never before so fit for great accomplishments. Its deliverance from its inherited curse—the institution which above all things else cramped its vigor, hardened its conscience, distracted its counsels and vitiated its influence—of itself lifts it to far higher opportunities. Its great trials, too, have done a good work. The war has hardened its gristle, disciplined its will, cleared its perceptions, sobered its spirit, and, best of all, deepened its sense of dependence upon a Higher Power. Well may all thank God, and take courage.

But we have no right to assume, as is the manner of many, that the republic has passed its probation, and is now forever secure. For its future we may reasonably hope almost beyond limit, but can be sure of nothing. There is no “manifest destiny” for nations, any more than for individuals. This nation will become what the moral energies of its people, with the blessing of Heaven, shall make it—no more, no less. Institutions of themselves decide nothing. Bad institutions may not

prevent great national glory. In spite of slavery, we have been a grand nation. In spite of the inquisition, the Spain of the sixteenth century was the grandest nation of Europe. Nor does deliverance from bad institutions insure against degeneracy. The inquisition has passed away, and yet, for all that, Spain is to-day one of the lowest nations in Europe. So too, though we are no longer afflicted with slavery, it may still be that we have seen our palmiest days. Our unequaled civil institutions are no guarantee of national improvement, or even of national preservation. The best they can do is to secure present freedom. But freedom, of itself, secures nothing. It gives scope to evil as well as good. It may take a nation downward as well as upward. If a people are badly inclined, the less controlled they are, the surer and quicker their ruin. Our matchless form of government can no more secure against corruption than the matchless build of a ship can secure against the dry rot. The timber itself must be sound, or the best model is of no avail.

We make much of the fact that the life of the republic is now forever beyond the reach of domestic treason or foreign war. We think we have settled that for

the coming generations. Be it so. But this goes but a short way toward securing the success and perpetuity of the republic. To insure an individual, in this age of the world, against external violence and family treachery would do little toward establishing his fortunes. No more has our nation "taken a bond of fate," when simply insured against war and rebellion. The perils which most concern us still remain. In fact, the chief of them are positively augmented by the very completeness of our late triumphs.

All of us agree that, after the brief interval necessary to readjust our financial and civil systems, we shall enter upon a period of unexampled material prosperity. We shall ply our work with redoubled energy in every direction. We shall plant our staples more broadly, multiply our spindles, build new ships, and push our commerce into new tracks, unlock our wondrous mines, interlace the whole continent with bars for travel and wires for news. We shall go far toward making conquest of all nature, and gathering all her wealth at our feet. But we can not have this new prosperity without incurring new dangers. All experience testifies that increase in wealth often saps the moral strength—that riches add new pleasures but to bring new enticements—that fruition is apt to lead to self-indulgence, and self-indulgence to enervation and degeneracy—that victory over nature inclines to forgetfulness of Providence, and physical fullness to spiritual languishing. American prosperity has already produced vain-glory, extravagance, dissipation enough, has already sufficiently brought down all the higher aspirations to material aims and conventional standards, to make its evil tendency very apparent. Add to it, and we but add to the evil influence.

Yet again our new prosperity will give a new stimulus to immigration from abroad. America will more than ever be the land of promise to the European masses. The years bring no prospect of improvement to them at home; in fact, rather aggravate the primary evil, which is the disproportion of the population to the means of subsist-

ence. With scores of millions in Europe, life is but a ceaseless, desperate struggle to keep the wolf starvation at bay. For this reason, four millions have already come to us from Ireland, and as many more from Germany. These are but a handful to the multitudes which will follow. From Germany especially, with its sixty millions, immense numbers will soon be poured in upon us. Not only are our hundreds of German societies exerting themselves to diffuse through all the Fatherland the spirit of emigration, but our government is devoting special official effort to its encouragement. It is probable that within five years our immigration from Germany alone will reach a third of a million annually; and will so continue to increase that before this generation passes off the stage, there will be fifteen millions of the Teutonic race within our borders. Even for years before the war, foreign immigration increased in much greater ratio than the propagation from the old stock. The destruction of life in the war has fallen mainly upon this old stock even in the North, and in the South almost entirely so. The stamina and hope of every land lie in its youth. Hundreds of thousands of American youth have perished in the war, and their old Protestant Anglo-Saxon lineage, so far as relates to them, is brought to an end for ever. This of itself must add largely to the relative force of the foreign element, in the next generation. When we join to this the rapidly increasing rate of immigration, consequent upon our increasing prosperity, we can estimate how much more exposed we shall hereafter be to the noxious influences of the old world.

There are two such influences specially baneful to our free institutions: that of Roman Catholicism, drawing toward arbitrary power, and that of Infidelity, drawing toward socialism and anarchy.

It can not well be denied that Roman Catholicism, as a system, is less favorable to civil self-government than Protestantism. The one religion finds its native element in imposing rites and pompous pageantry, and its main aliment in absolutions and indulgences; while the other seeks

rather that self-denying self-disciplining faith, which enables man to raise himself above himself and to act in constant view of eternal truths and immortal destinies. The one sacrifices the individual to the system; the other subordinates the system to the individual. The one governs by tradition and imprescriptible authority; the other labors to govern by the naked force and divine majesty of truth. The one fetters independence of thought by bulls and encyclicals, by bans and *indices expurgatorii*; the other gives all the higher faculties of the mind and soul full scope and free play. The one religion is both in form and spirit monarchical; the other is both in form and spirit republican. The direct tendency of the one is to qualify for servitude; that of the other to qualify for freedom. We know that these tendencies of the Roman Catholic religion have been to some extent traversed by other influences in this country, and been thus considerably modified. Still they have a very palpable effect. It is seen in the adherence of nearly every Roman Catholic in the land, priest and layman, to the institution of slavery; and in their almost universal disposition to compromise with the rebellion. It is seen in the attempts which have been made in nearly all the states to exclude the reading of the Bible from the public schools; and, where these attempts have failed, in other attempts to prevent the children from attending these schools. It is seen in the efforts to obtain special securities and immunities for ecclesiastical property. It is seen in the unqualified support which the Roman Catholic press of this country has given to the late extraordinary encyclical of the Pope—a circular well characterized by the *Tablet*, the Roman Catholic organ of Great Britain, as holding language “ loftier than Gregory’s, pretensions higher than those of Sixtus!”—which no Roman Catholic government of Europe, not even bigoted Spain itself, dared indorse. Immigration will add greatly to the power of the Roman Catholic church in our land. No one who is acquainted with the history of that church can doubt that this augmented power will beget new schemes

and new activities against the normal working of our free institutions. In what shape they may come we do not predict. But it is no more certain that the Roman Catholics of the country always vote, almost universally, the same way under some singular community of political spirit, than that this shape, in its final manifestation, will be very formidable.

But more threatening yet is the Infidelity which this swollen stream of immigration will sweep in upon us. Those who are the most inclined to emigrate from Continental Europe are those who are most discontented with the governments at home; in other words, those who have the most decidedly republican proclivities. This is the very class which is most irreligious. Painful as it is, the fact is indisputable, that there is no idea of freedom in Germany which does not involve, not simply the separation of church from the state, but the renunciation of all moral allegiance to a Higher Power. This was made strikingly manifest in the manifesto of the principles of European democracy put forth by the Executive Council of German Radicals appointed by that memorable body, the Frankfort Diet, which sat in 1849, representing all German liberalism. We quote from that document:

“ We declare the supreme power of the state over all economical and social relationships as a ruling principle. Education and instruction must therefore be stripped of all religious doubts and superfluities. The sole object is to make men fit companions for each other. *Religion, which must be banished from society, must vanish from the mind of man.* Art and poetry will realize the ideals of the true, the good, and the beautiful, which religion places in an uncertain future. *The revolution generally destroys religion by rendering hopes of heaven superfluous,* by establishing the liberty and welfare of all on earth. We pay attention, therefore, to religious struggles and contentions (the formation of free congregations, and so forth) only so far as we may, under the phrase religious liberty, understand freedom from all religions. *We do not desire liberty of belief, but the necessity of unbelief.* In this as in all other respects, we wish to break entirely with the past. We

do not wish to engraft a fresh branch upon a rotten stem; we in no respect desire reform, but everywhere revolution."

Undoubtedly there are lovers of civil freedom in Germany who would repel such sentiments, as there were many in the Frankfort Assembly itself. Yet this is the prevailing type of German liberalism—that element of German society which contributes most to American immigration. We have some two hundred German newspapers, daily and weekly, in this country. At least four fifths of them argue habitually upon the ground that man is to himself the Highest—that man only is our god, our judge, our saviour—that Christianity assigns to an imaginary world the happiness which rightly belongs to this—that freedom, equality, and happiness involve freedom from all supernatural restraint. Atheism, pantheistic and humanitarian, in short, is the key of their whole political and social creed. We have just seen the operative force of this infidel principle in the struggle made by the German masses of Missouri against the new constitution, which was very acceptable to them in every respect save its recognition of a Supreme Being. On that ground, they united with the Roman Catholics, who opposed it because it did not grant certain immunities to their church property, and with the rebel sympathizers who disrelished the stringent oaths of loyalty it prescribed, and came within a few hundred votes of securing its defeat. This is but the beginning of the license which German infidelity will seek to introduce into our republican system.

With such a constantly increasing influx of such moral evil from abroad, and constantly increasing tendencies toward materialism at home, the republic can be maintained only by a corresponding increase of moral power. This is the one essential condition of our preservation. Lamartine wrote, after the failure of the French Revolution of 1848, that the fatal defect of French character, which made a permanent French republic impossible, was lack of conscience. That was ex-

actly true. No mind is superior to that of the French in acuteness and brilliancy; no society is superior to theirs in polish and elegance. As respects mere worldly civilization, they have attained its very flower. Yet what Casimir Perier, one of their most discerning statesmen, said in 1832, is true now as ever: "The thoughts of this people are not the thoughts of a civilized race; their imaginations are those of a savage tribe." It never can be different until the French learn to act in view of eternal truths and immortal destinies. Not otherwise will they ever obtain that moderation and prudence, that habitual conformity to settled maxims of conduct, through which alone man is capable of self-government, or rather which is in itself self-government. The French have many elements of goodness loosely floating in their blood, many high ideals generated by their fancy, even some degree of religious sentiment of the sort that comes from that vague instinct of worship which is common to all the race; but in their destitution of rooted moral convictions, their real manhood is not more than half developed. They are fragmentary, one-sided, superficial; excitable but not strong; impulsive but not enduring. They seek ephemeral gratification rather than permanent enjoyment; prefer glory to duty, *éclat* to self-respect, success to right. Thus it is that they endure a despotism as absolute in reality as that of Louis the Fourteenth without a protest, without a menace, with hardly a complaint. This voluntary self-enslavement of the most brilliant and the most martial people of modern civilization is the saddest spectacle this century's sun shines upon. In the forests of ancient Germany, the barbarian, when all other stakes were lost, gambled himself away into life bondage. All the way down through the dark ages glimmers the fearful legend of the man who, to gratify an unhallowed purpose, deliberately and formally sold himself to the Devil. But it has been reserved for the nineteenth century of the Christian era to see a proud, brave, intelligent nation of thirty-seven millions of human souls deliberately abandon their freedom, and crouch in content

at the foot of a despot of their own creation. It is reserved for this century, to behold a city the first of all the world in learning and taste, turning itself into a tomb of living men, and gravings its walls with the sentiment of the sepulchre of Sardanapalus, "Eat, drink, and lust; the rest is nothing."

Yet this result is really no subject for wonder. It comes from moral laws that are as sure in their operation as any in the physical world. It was distinctly foreseen. Niebuhr, the clearest-eyed historical critic of modern times, withal an earnest lover of freedom, wrote from Rome in 1830, within three months after the French revolution against the hard rule of Charles the Tenth:

"It is my firm conviction that we, particularly in Germany, are rapidly hastening toward barbarism, and it is not much better in France. That we are threatened with devastation, such as that two hundred years ago, is, I am sorry to say, just as clear to me; and the end of the tale will be despotism enthroned amid universal ruin. *In fifty years, and probably much less, there will be no trace left of free institutions, or the freedom of the press, throughout all Europe, at least on the Continent.* Very few of the things which have happened since the revolution in Paris have surprised me. Constitutional forms are of no use among an enervated or foolish nation. I know how to prize a free constitution, and certainly am better acquainted than most with its worth; but of all things, the first and most essential is that a nation should be manly, unselfish, honorable."

It would be easy to multiply from the thinkers of the time just such foretellings of what has happened. Philosophy and experience alike testify that the vital principle of a free government is its moral life. Human nature is the same everywhere. Our American republic can no more live without this controlling moral element than any other popular government. To claim otherwise would be as foolish as to claim that our bodily frames are not subject to the laws and conditions which sustain physical life elsewhere.

In fact, our national character had experienced a great degeneracy before the

late rebellion, and it was only because of that very degeneracy that the rebellion was possible. In its early days our government was preëminent among the nations for its honor, good faith, and purity of administration. There was no one thing that so earnestly engaged the solicitude of its founders and early rulers, as the closest adherence to every moral obligation. In presidential messages, congressional speeches, diplomatic correspondence, public treaties, public laws, everywhere it shone forth; and the lustre it reflected upon our national character was seen and admired all over the civilized world. All this became, little by little, sadly changed. Corruption gradually stole into our public affairs, until finally, two or three years before the rebellion, one of the oldest of the Southern senators did not hesitate to say in debate, "From my experience and observation, which have been somewhat extensive, I do not believe to-day there is as corrupt a government under the heavens as that of the United States;" and, instead of being rebuked, at once brought out the remark from the oldest Northern senator, a leader of the opposite party, "I agree to that," and a general chorus of approving exclamations all around. The sentiments unblushingly proclaimed to Europe in the memorable Ostend Circular, the subsequent election of one of the signers of that circular to the Presidency, and the persistent efforts to reduce its doctrines to practice, and to establish a settled policy of insult, aggression, and spoliation toward weaker powers, were a striking proof of our national demoralization. We were never so proud, confident, boastful as through the decade before the rebellion; but the plain truth is, that the nation, all through that time, was far gone in that condition which we so often see in individuals—character sunk, influence lost, the whole man under a cloud in consequence of evil habits, and yet he all the while elevated with the idea that his swashing display hides all, and that he is in fact an object of admiration and envy. Carlyle's declaration that our war was "only the burning out of a dirty chimney" was extravagant, and yet was not

altogether without truth. Slavery was only the proximate cause of the war. It will be for the philosopher of the future to determine how far the rebellion was generated, and how much aggravated, by malign influences quite independent of that institution.

The republic, it is said, has now a clear, fair field before it. We do not deny this. But that field will be more than ever a battle-field. It will be a scene of intenser conflict than ever between Right and Wrong. The vital principles of the nation will be assailed in every shape, and by every weapon. The attacks will be all the more formidable, because they will come from two opposite quarters, and in two opposite interests: spiritual domination, and spiritual license. The very effort to repel the one will expose to the charges of the other. Our most dangerous side, undoubtedly, is that toward license. The very fact that we are a republic commits us to Progress, and it is precisely for progress that all innovators, present and future, will claim to be contending—precisely for this that they will prostrate, if possible, every barrier, however sacred. Progress is the one thing above all others which the earnest soul most delights to dwell upon; yet there is not a treason, nor an apostasy, nor a revolt against the laws of God or man, nor a disorganizing theory, nor a destructive act for which the word has not been invoked and to which it has not been made to lend its sanction. It is forced to do the work of its worst enemies—blessing what it should curse, and consecrating what it should put under the ban. It has blazed on the standard of all the anarchic forces of the day, and has been compelled to light the way to their destruction, and its own. True progress implies *advance upward*, and as such it has a charm for every true man. But very many use the word as if it simply meant movement. With no moral principle either to hold them fast or to guide them when they move, they are ever ready, under the name of progress, to follow their evil desires, or their idle fancies, “any whither.” Movement, like any other

form of energy, is neither good nor bad in itself; its character is determined entirely by its destination. Of all created intelligences, none, we suppose, are more untiringly active than the emissaries of darkness; and it is that very movement that makes them so mischievous and so execrable. The abiding spirit of our republic is hope, its law progress: but no such hope as that of Tantalus with his unattainable fruits, and no such progress as that of Paolo whirled in the infernal blasts of Dante's second circle. It must content itself with human limitations; and it must keep to the solid ways of divine appointment.

All material dangers of the republic now passed, its salvation will more than ever depend upon moral forces. The great agency to bring these forces to bear upon their true mark is the press. Within its own range, the pulpit has an incalculable power; but it is the enginery of the press, in all its various forms and grades, which most completely commands the field. The American people, with all their stirring activities, are yet peculiarly a reading people. Their love of the new and the fresh attaches them specially to current literature. The demand for newspapers, magazines, and new books is yearly increasing at a wonderful rate, and their influence is becoming correspondingly potent. It is of vital account that this influence, or at least the preponderant portion of it, should be on the right side. Whether this now is so is very doubtful. It is true that comparatively little of the American print of the day is openly irreligious or immoral. But yet a vast body of it is leavened more or less with corrupting sentiment, or disorganizing principle. It tells with all the worse effect because it is not gross enough to shock and repel. The mischief lies in the spirit rather than the letter—in what is implied rather than in what is declared.

It is a common remark that infidelity never assumed so insidious a form as during the present age. It has altogether given up its old rampant and malignant style of forcing its way. It has now taken a scholarly air, allies itself with the soft-

or sentiments, and spares no pains to make its guise alluring. It insinuates itself into every department of literature, and seeks to win its way into every household. It avoids argument rather than seeks it; seldom reveals its real intent; shrinks from positive assertions, and straightforward reasonings; and trusts chiefly to indirection to sap the Christian faith. It adapts itself particularly to the young, who are pleased with spangled rhetoric, and whose judgments easily take color from their passions or imaginations. This agent of evil may be very impalpable, but, if left to its own course, it would produce the most fatal effects. It would destroy all that makes life valuable, all that makes moral earnestness respectable, all that makes free government possible.

The most disorganizing social doctrines of the day, too, are generally put in a very fair garb, and are made to do their work under a pretended mission of reform. Stripped to their native deformity, they show nothing else than a scheme to exalt the passions above the reason, the sensibilities above the conscience, the imagination above the understanding; to annul moral sanctions, and make sin identical with misfortune; to confound the natural relations of society, and either expunge the rules and ordinances of divine government, or turn them into an unmeaning jumble. This is their actual sum and substance—altogether demoralizing, heathenizing, and ruinous,—and yet they are all covered with the theory of human perfectibility, and made to appeal with great effect to every high vanity as well as every low appetite of the human heart.

The only possible redemption from the

fearful moral dangers which will press thicker and thicker upon the republic must come from a more practical application of Christianity to all our civil and social affairs. For this the press, in its various forms, must be relied upon as the chief agency. Our current literature must be raised to a higher standard. It must be infused with a stronger moral earnestness. It must be penetrated with a more solemn sense of its responsibilities. It must aspire to form and enforce its judgments more directly in the light and with the authority of philosophic Christian principle. It must be more consecrated than ever to Truth, to Right, to Humanity; and seek to become the embodied and irresistible reason and conscience of society—thus realizing its highest ideal. If such were the dominant spirit and purpose of American literature, we might count with just as assured a faith upon the highest soul-life of the republic through unnumbered generations, as we have reckoned upon the saving of its physical life, through its heroic armies, against its rebel enemies. Nor would the effects be confined to our own shores. The exemplification of a pure and true self-government here—a society immovably established both on rights and on duties, securing and encouraging for every individual the use of every faculty which God has given for his enlightenment and guidance, and opening the way for all that plenitude of life and thought and action belonging to man in his highest estate—would tell upon the deliverance and the development of the race in a measure of which we can now form no adequate conception.

GEOFFREY THE LOLLARD.

CHAPTER V.

IN LONDON.

THE snow was falling fast and thick in London, covering with its pure mantle the quaint houses which formed that part of the metropolis called White Friars, and making the Thames, which flowed close under their walls, look all the blacker by contrast. Upon one of the bridges spanning this river, stood the two young Lollards. They looked very weary and travel-worn, and the younger had sunk down exhausted on one of the stone seats. They had been more than a month on their journey, having been detained more than once by storms and sickness, so that the month of December was fairly commenced. Hubert had suffered most from the fatigue, cold, and exposure, but even Geoffrey looked pale and weary, though he strove to cheer his brother with the thought of how near they were to their journey's end, and of the wonders that lay before them.

"Look, Hubert! this is the bridge we were told of, and yonder high wall must be White Friars; it can not be many steps to good Philip Naseby's." Then, as the other did not seem to attend, he added, lower: "We must not be seen loitering here as though we were strangers—Mark Catliffe may have dispatched word of our coming, and it were best to be among friends ere our enemies know we have come."

The boy raised himself with an effort, and they proceeded. Fortunately, it was but a stone's throw; and having passed under the high wall of the monastery, they turned into a narrow lane, and stopped at the open front of a shop. The master stood upon the step; they both knew him from the description they had heard of him; but it was best to be on the safe side; so they approached as though wishing to purchase.

"Have you a warm cloak, master trader, that may serve to keep the snow and

rain from my shoulders this cold Christmas?"

The man looked rather suspiciously at the boys' tattered garments, but a glance at their faces changed his tone to one of respect and pity. "The Lord save you, young masters, it is truly but sorry weather to travel in. Will ye not step in and rest a bit?"

"I thank you, Philip Naseby," said Geoffrey, stepping within the shop; "the Lord is truly my help all the day long."

The trader's face lighted up as he gave the necessary answer to the password, and grasping a hand of each, he led them to a little back-apartment, and placed stools for them. He received them as eagerly as though they were his nearest relations, though as yet he knew neither their name nor their errand. Lord Cobham's message explained all, and then they were overwhelmed with questions. Good news always makes the bearers welcome, and the fact that they brought intelligence of Lord Cobham's escape, as well as their father's name, was a full passport to the honest trader's heart.

He called his wife, and having told her who were their guests, she dispatched their daughter to bring some refreshment, while she and her husband removed their torn and soaked outer garments.

"Poor boy!" said the good woman, as she noticed Hubert's bleeding and blistered feet, "thou hast walked far to-day?"

"A good twenty miles since midnight," sighed the weary child, the very mention of the distance bringing back, with redoubled force, the memory of suffering.

"But why did you not stop at the house of good Mark Catliffe, the miller of Lianton? He has given a bed and a welcome to many a weary traveler, and especially to those who love the Master."

Hubert's face grew very sad, but Geoffrey's eyes flashed with indignation, and he answered before his brother could speak. "He is a Judas; he hath sold his faith for silver; the Lord requite him!"

"How! sayest thou that Mark Catliffe is a renegade?" said the trader, astonished.

"Ay, that he hath returned to the bosom of the holy church"—and the boy's mouth curled with contempt—"and has received as a reward for informing where the vile traitor, John Beverly, might be found, the right to levy a large toll on the flour he grinds, and a good chest of white money beside. He saith that it is his firm hope, that those arch-traitors, Lord Cobham and John de Forest, will speedily be taken and committed to the flames, their ashes being scattered to the winds, and their souls sent to their father, the Devil; always praying the saints that he may stand by and see."

The trader lifted up his hands and eyes in horror; but before he could speak, his wife had asked eagerly:

"And how escaped ye, my young masters? Did he not try to deliver you up also?"

"God delivered us from his hands, good dame," said the boy, reverently. "As we drew near to his house, we heard him in conversation with the priest, so while we waited behind the hedge for him to be through before we presented ourselves, we heard his words. We fear he has sent a messenger after us, for he observed us as we ran away; but we kept to the by-paths and so escaped, but found no place to rest. But now, good master Naseby, we will to our beds, if it please you, for we are sore wearied."

The next day, Geoffrey told his host of the message he had from Lord Cobham to Sir Roger Ashton.

"Then it was he who favored his escape," said the merchant. "I thought as much. I am glad that holy man has escaped, but I would it were some other than Sir Roger that must give his life for his friends'."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Geoffrey, "not that Sir Roger is a prisoner?"

"Ay, ay," said the tradesman, mournfully, "in the self-same dungeon whence he aided his friend to escape; and they say he is to be tried this week, for treason and heresy, with John Beverly the

preacher, and many others; for Arundel is thirsting for blood all the more now his nobler prey has escaped him. There is nothing left for them all but the stake and the flame, and that right speedily."

The boy bowed his head on his hands in deep grief. He saw again that noble old man speaking, as though they were his own, the words of the apostle: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Now he was to prove their truth; but the boy felt no fear of his failing; he was rather trying to answer a question of his own heart, thinking whether he was also ready, for never had death appeared so near. But quickly there came to his mind the words of his Master, "I have prayed for you that your faith fail not," and rousing himself, he spoke cheerfully to his friend:

"Do you think I could see them?"

"I doubt it," replied the trader; "and yet you might if you made friends with the keepers, under pretense of taking them something."

"I will go now," said the boy, rising, "lest it be too late to-morrow. Give me that cloak of russet—I will change dresses with your apprentice, and take it to Sir Roger as though he had ordered it."

In a few moments Geoffrey, with the bundle on his shoulder, had started for the Tower. Philip Naseby accompanied him as far as he dared, then pointed out the rest of the way, and left the young Lollard to go on his perilous errand alone. The first gate was easily passed, as a party was just entering, and, having gone through the first, the porters at the inner one did not attempt to detain him.

So far, so well; and, having had the position of the passages and buildings pointed out to him, his retentive memory enabled him to find his way without difficulty. He soon reached the guard-room filled with idle soldiers, who were only too glad to find amusement in questioning, and perhaps teasing the poor 'prentice. However, he tipped his cap a little on one side, and began as bravely as possible.

"My masters, can you tell me in which part of this castle my Lord Sir Roger

Ashton, and John Beverly the preacher, are confined?"

"Halloo! who have we here?" exclaimed one of the soldiers, setting down his cup of beer, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "What want you with the heretics, the traitors, the sniveling rogues? Hast thou there a nice package of rope-ladder, and other comfortable things, for their great relief and satisfaction, that they may fly out as did that arch-traitor Cobham? Had I been Arundel, he should have had no chance to try his wings; what need is there of a trial for a heretic who worships the Devil? Let the Devil help his friends, say I, and I would hasten their progress to their master by a good bonfire in the marketplace. I tell you," he said, bringing his great fist down on the table with a force that made the pewter tankards and plates ring again, "a heretic should have no more trial than my dog that had run mad."

During this speech Geoffrey had been unfastening his bundle, and now held up the cloak before them. "Look ye, my masters, here is no treason," he said humbly, "only a russet cloak which was ordered a week ago, and now my master sends it. I pray you look at it; it is of good cloth, and it were pity they should not see it."

"Ha! of good cloth, indeed! Confess your master stole it; it is as full of holes as the sails of an Indian ship that hath stood many a blow in the lower sea. Well, and how much doth your honest master receive for such a pretty thing?"

This was a rather hard question for Geoffrey, for, having taken up the trade only for the occasion, he had not the least idea what the usual price of such an article was; so he had to answer as best he might.

"Two nobles, my gentle masters, which same is but little, seeing it is fair cloth. Though not good enough, mayhap, for your worships, it will keep out the rain and the cold."

"Then there is no need of it for those heretics yonder, for we are about to fit on them so fine a garment of gay crim-

son, that having once tried it on, they shall never more feel the cold and rain as we poor fellows have to, but shall dance as gayly as harlequins at a fair. It will be a sight to do the heart good of a true son of the church. Holy Virgin! I would take an extra year in purgatory rather than miss that sight."

The boy's heart grew sick, and his cheek pale at the thought of the fearful fate to which the soldier's jesting words referred; when another man, with a pleasanter face, filled a cup and pushed it toward him, saying:

"There, drink that, my lad, and it will bring back the color to your face. When you have fought a few battles in France under king Harry, and waded ankle-deep in the blood of the fine French gentry, you will have a stouter heart. Come now, quit your trade and be one of us."

Geoffrey drank, and did feel stronger; but just as he was about to answer, a stir within turned the attention of the whole company another way. The door opened wide, and the Lieutenant of the Tower entered, followed by the sheriff and other officers leading two men heavily fettered.

Geoffrey looked up and recognized in one of the noble, kingly-looking old men, the preacher he had come to seek, and he had no doubt but that his companion was Sir Roger. In a moment the soldiers, at a word from the Lieutenant, formed in a line on each side of the sheriffs, and prepared to escort the prisoners to the place of trial. The boy had nothing to do but to follow as fast as possible, and he saw the whole train pass quickly through the various courts to the river-gate, and there embarking in some barges ready manned with stout rowers, they passed out of sight around an angle of the building.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRIAL.

ARUNDEL sat in his seat of judgment in the great hall of one of the monasteries belonging to the Dominican Friars. Beside him, in full canonicals, sat the

bishops of London, Winchester, and others, ready to assist him, by their learning and authority, to cleanse the church from the stains of heresy and schism. Below the table, where clerks sat ready with pens and parchment to take down the evidence, there were men of every degree and class. Friars in black, and friars in gray, friars whose portly persons reminded the spectator more of midnight wassail than of midnight prayer, and friars whose pale, hungry-looking faces, gaunt bodies, and knotted scourges hanging at their sides, were in strict conformity with the stern rule of Saint Benedict.

Pilgrims, with "scallop-shell and sandal shoon," were gathered in little knots, discussing the various merits of the different shrines and holy places they had visited. One tall, stalwart-looking fellow related that, after walking bare-headed, with dried pease in his shoes, to the tomb of the holy St. Thomas à Becket, he had been suddenly cured of an ulcer in the leg which had troubled him for five years. Here a little man with a shrill voice interrupted him, and declared that nothing could equal the efficacy of the holy water from the altar of our Lady of Loretto, and that her shrine was covered with offerings made to her by those whose prayers for safety from danger, and recovery from sickness, had been answered, even though they were far away. The sonorous voice of a vender of reliquaries was now heard, declaring that a morsel of the finger-nail of St. Bridget, which he had there in a leaden box, would keep a sailor from even wetting his feet during the hardest storm that ever blew on the Channel. He had also a crucifix, blessed by the Pope, containing a hair of St. Joseph which would give to whoever wore it next his heart long days of uninterrupted happiness and prosperity, and all this for a single noble! A little at one side stood a pardoner with his little pieces of parchment inscribed with pardons for every imaginable sin, and covering various periods, from a week to a lifetime. The prices were graded according to the enormity of the offense, and the length of time; one poor fellow who

had knocked down a priest having to pay a mark, while another, who had only taken a chicken from his neighbor's yard, went off happy and secure from all transgressions for the next month, on the payment of a few groats. As he turned to a new set of applicants, a sturdy begging friar went around beseeching, or rather demanding, charity, in the name of all the saints in the calendar.

But now pilgrim, pardoner, and beggar turned alike toward the judgment-seat, for the crier had called upon John Beverly, Sir Roger Ashton, and many others, to come into court, and the men-at-arms were beating back the crowd, to make room for the prisoners to approach the table. All eyes were turned upon the nine-and-thirty men, who marched between soldiers, armed to the teeth, up the long hall, and took their places before their judge. A boy, who had just edged his way through the crowd, stood, with flushed cheeks and panting breath, as near to them as he could get, and then the trial began.

The crime alleged to have been committed by John Beverly and his companions, namely, that of attending meetings for other worship than the church allowed, and reading the works of John de Wickliffe to the people, needed no proof; they gloried in what their enemies called their shame, and ever since their arrest had only confirmed the accusation by their conduct in prison. They were mostly men of little note, but with Sir Roger Ashton it was different. He was a man of influence and position, who, until very lately, had been considered a faithful son of the church; and even now his character stood so high among the people, that could he be induced to recant, it would restore the ecclesiastical body to that popular favor which they had lost by their treatment of the favorite Lord Cobham, and at the same time strike a heavy blow at the progress of the reformed religion.

Having therefore read his accusation, they began to question him concerning the disputed points of faith.

As to the grand "test" question, as it was called, whether the body of Christ

is really present in the sacrament, he answered so boldly and distinctly as to set the question of his Lollardism completely at rest. Fearlessly he declared, that the bread and wine were no more blood and flesh after the priest had pronounced the words of consecration, than was that which was daily served at his own table; nevertheless, they were in a measure holy, having been set apart to commemorate the Saviour's death, and as such, were to be revered, but never worshipped.

Here the Benedictine friar raised his hands and eyes in holy horror at the very thought, and a hum of indignation was heard through the hall. The guards, however, soon enforced silence, and Arundel put the next point.

Drawing out a small, richly ornamented crucifix from under his robe, and holding it up before Ashton, he said: "What think you of this?"

Many of the assembly dropped on their knees, and all bared their heads before the sacred symbol; the nine-and-thirty alone stood upright and unmoved.

"It is a pretty bauble," said the prisoner, "and as such I would put it away carelessly lest it should be harmed."

"Know you not that that is the cross of Christ through which salvation is come into the world? Infidel! saith not the scripture, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ'?"

"Yes, truly so saith it, but not in a poor bit of gold. It is not the wooden tree that doth save me from my sins, but he that died thereon. Him do I worship, and to him do I bow the knee. Cast aside these idols, these vain things that draw away the hearts of the people from the only God; pray to the living Jesus, and carry about with you holy works and righteous deeds, and it will be of more service to your souls than a houseful of glittering toys, or dead men's musty bones."

"Holy Mother of Christ, and blessed saint Patrick!" exclaimed the relic-vender. "The finger-bone of St. Catharine and the tooth of St. Jerome of no avail!

God help the poor sinners then, for they must surely perish."

"My Lord," whispered the bishop of London to the Primate, "were it not best to end this scene, lest the common people be led away by these blasphemous doctrines? There can exist now no doubt of his being a heretic, and that of the most dangerous kind."

The archbishop was anxious to return to his palace, where an episcopal dinner was to be given that day, and so agreed with him perfectly. He therefore turned to the prisoners and said:

"It doth fully appear that ye are all confirmed heretics, holding devilish doctrines which the church doth declare false and blasphemous; therefore, that we may cleanse the church of Christ from all stains and blemishes, we, in our office of viceregents of God on earth, do command you to leave off these your abominable ways, and return as penitents to the bosom of Holy Mother church, who is ever ready to receive her wandering children when, with true repentance, they turn to her for pardon and mercy. Bethink you of your ways, and of your poor wives and children, confess your grievous sins, perform the pilgrimages and penances which your spiritual fathers shall appoint, and then, having thus shown your sorrow for your past offenses, be received into that church which now stretches out her arms of mercy toward you."

At the words "wives and children," some of the poor men's countenances fell, as they thought of the households which must be left desolate, and their babes crying for food. But at that moment a woman stepped from the crowd with a little one on her arm, and advancing toward one of the prisoners, exclaimed:

"Hold, Jacob Simmons! think of naught but the Lord's honor. I am strong, and the children likely, and God will never suffer the widow and orphan to want. Be not a coward; sell not thy soul for temporal comfort. Art thou a coward? fearest thou to die? Up! be a man! that this, thy child and my child, may be proud to call thee father!"

The woman disappeared in the throng the moment she had uttered the last word, but the noble appeal had strengthened all their hearts, and not a head but was held more upright, and not a soul but responded to the answer of their spokesman, Beverly.

"My Lords the Bishops and Clergy, in answer to the charge brought against us we do not deny, but rather affirm, that after the manner *ye* call heresy, we worship God. We do not regard the images and pictures which *ye* place instead of God, nor do we rest our hopes of salvation on the remains of dead men, sinners like ourselves, or in journeys to famous shrines, as though God were nearer Canterbury and Loretto than London and Westminster. As to the church to which you invite us to return, it is *not* Christ's church, for it doth not profess his doctrines, nor follow in his footsteps, and we will have none of it. Nay, more, we fear to remain under its shadow, knowing that it must shortly fall, warring as it does against the Most High. And as it is a great anti-Christ, so shall its fall be great, and it will sink utterly into perdition. We do not need to trust in its offers of pardon, for we know that that Christ whose we are, and whom we serve, will freely pardon all our offenses through his most precious blood. And when with your flames *ye* shall have freed our souls from the clogs of this mortal flesh, He will give unto us crowns of glory which fade not away. God, who knoweth our hearts, knoweth that we lie not."

Arundel's face was white with passion, but he suppressed his feelings by an effort, and pronounced their sentence:

"Since *ye* will not heed the offers of mercy, listen to the words of judgment. On the fourth day from this, at such an hour as shall be hereafter appointed, *ye* shall be led from your prisons to the field of St. Giles, and there *ye* shall be hanged alive in chains, being burned while hanging, and your ashes scattered to the winds, that the church may be cleansed from the foul blot of heresy, and

the honor of Christ vindicated from the attacks of the Devil."

A solemn silence reigned in the assembly during the enunciation of this terrible doom; but of all that band upon whom all eyes rested, not one showed a sign of fear. After a few moments, the clear tones of the preacher's voice rose again, as firm and unwavering as before, and, raising his right hand, he pointed with his extended fore-finger toward his judge.

"Arundel, archbishop of York, I stand before you this day as a messenger from God. Thus saith the Lord: In the time when thou dost not expect me, I will draw near; suddenly, as in the night, I will come unto thee, and require of thy hand the blood of my elect. And because thou wilt have no answer for me, I will cut thee down in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Men shall seek thee, and shall not find thee, and in the place where thou wentest to and fro thou shalt be no more seen forever. Shall my elect cry unto me and not be avenged? I count the sparrows that fall, and shall my chosen ones perish and I not know it? saith the Lord. Behold I hasten and tarry not, and the cup of my wrath I bring with me. Thou shalt look for help, and there shall none aid thee; a horrible darkness shall fall upon thee, and none can deliver out of my hand!"

The speaker ceased but still he stood, his mantle gathered closely around him, and his piercing eyes fixed on the shrinking, cowering man, at whom the terrible right hand still pointed. Arundel's face had turned from its usual ruddy hue to a deathlike pallor, and he shook as though smitten with an ague. At length a shriek burst from his ashy lips. "Care you not that he hath bewitched me? Away with him, take him away, he hath a devil!"

A grim smile passed over the old man's features, but still he relaxed not his gaze, nor the out-stretched arm, till, with a cry that rang in the ears of those who heard it for many years after, the primate of England rose from his seat, and flinging away his cloak, lest it might impede him,

fled from the hall. Then, after a few moments, the arm was slowly dropped, and the preacher turning, passed with his guards down to the door, the crowd pressing back to give him room.

A few months later while Arundel was sitting in the midst of his friends, the hand of the Lord smote him, and in his speechless agony he looked from side to side, but there was none to help. A moment after, the distorted features had settled into the icy rigidity of death. The Lord *had* come to him, suddenly, as it were in a moment, and required at his hand the blood of his saints!

CHAPTER VII.

AS THE STARS FOREVER AND EVER.

CALMLY and brightly the sun rose on the morning of the fourth day after the trial; as calmly and brightly he climbed toward the zenith, as though he were not to look down upon one of the most fiendish deeds that ever disgraced England's soil. In the field of St. Giles, in the outskirts of the city, workmen were busy putting finishing touches to a strange piece of carpentry. A row of holes had been dug at a distance of about six feet from each other, and in these were placed stout beams of wood. Another row was then put about ten feet from the first, and the same kind of posts being inserted, crossbeams were fastened from a post of one row to the corresponding one in the other. Another construction of the same kind was placed on one side of the first, leaving an open space of some twenty feet in width between. On each of the crossbeams were fastened heavy chains, each terminating in a large iron ring. Meanwhile other men had been arriving, bearing fagots of dry wood, which were arranged in order under the chains, and then the men all paused and looked toward the town.

Not long had they to wait. A procession soon appeared, headed by a guard of foot-soldiers, who encircled the rows of gallows, for such they were, and so made way for the rest of the train to approach. Next came the executioners,

some with lighted torches, others with blacksmith's hammers. Then came the thirty-nine prisoners, each accompanied by a friar of some order, followed by another guard, and lastly the rabble, consisting of all the mob of London, clustered as closely as the troops would permit them. Some of the Lollards looked pale and haggard, and their limbs, so long chained in damp dungeons, seemed hardly capable of dragging them along. Each, as he reached the spot, cast a glance at the instruments of torture, but none drew back, or shrank from the fearful sight. To their illumined vision those piles of fagots, those bars, those chains, were but so many Jacob's ladders, gates to heaven.

Beverly mounted to his place as a newly anointed king might step for the first time on his throne. Turning to his friend he said in his clear, unfaltering voice: "We have breakfasted in a world of tribulation, we shall sup with Christ in the kingdom of glory. I am three-score years old, brother, and I thank God I have lived to see this day!"

But Ashton's heart was heavy; not for himself, but for the cause, the people, the land he loved so well. "I fear me this is a grievous day for England," was his reply.

"Christ giveth the victory!" said the preacher, his face lighting up with intense joy. The fierce gaze of the executioners standing around was abashed at the unearthly beauty of that look. He had no vail that he might, like Moses, draw over his beaming countenance, and "all men, seeing his face as it had been the face of an angel," marveled. In so loud a tone as to be heard by every one of the awe-struck assembly, he continued:

"Fear not for England, brother, the Lord hath a mission for her, and in his good time she shall accomplish it. Antichrist is great, but his end approacheth; and in this our pleasant land he shall receive his worst death-blow. Fear not, 'commit thy way to the Lord, and he will bring it to pass.' And look you, brethren, the names which our enemies scorn shall shine in the Lamb's book of life as the stars forever and ever!"

The executioners had meanwhile fastened the iron girdles with a few blows of their hammers, under the arms of each of the prisoners, and were now applying the torch to each pile of wood in succession.

Sir Roger Ashton heard them not, saw them not, knew not that the tiny flames, growing larger each moment, were leaping up beneath him, and longing for their prey. It was still early, and in the east, just sinking behind the horizon, was the morning star. He knew that it was only setting to rise again in renewed glory, and he kept repeating, his eyes still entranced as though by a glorious vision: "As the stars for ever! As the stars forever and ever!"

Above that pyramid of fire, above that fierce cloud of smoke that rose as though seeking to hide from heaven the foul deed then enacting on earth, were "the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

"As the stars forever and ever;" even so. Many have shed their blood that England might add to its domain countries, and provinces, and islands of the sea, or drive from her soil the hateful foot of the invader, and their deeds are justly commemorated in sculptured marble; but the names of those who broke the first link in the chain that bound Britain an abject slave to Rome, stand as far above the former in their glory as the stars do over the warriors' graves. Foremost among those thousands who have come through great tribulation and washed their garments in the blood of the Lamb, stand those glorious English martyrs, the pioneers of the Reformation—"As the stars forever and ever!"

CHAPTER VIII.

QUIET DAYS.

ON the afternoon succeeding this fearful tragedy, a venerable old man of more than three-score years entered the room where Hubert still lay with a low fever brought on by exposure and fatigue. He was Roger Markham, of Romney in Kent, to whose care the boys had been

consigned. He had long since been deprived of his curacy, but, beloved by all his former parishioners for his saintly life, he had continued to dwell among them, supported by the labor of his hands, and ministering to them in secret that spiritual food which they sought for in vain from the parish priest.

He gladly accepted his charge, and declaring that Hubert would be better when breathing the fresh air, appointed the next day for them to set out on their journey to his own home.

Accordingly, the next morning they left the friendly trader's house, where they had found so safe an asylum, and proceeding to the outskirts of the city, met Markham with his old white pony, on which they mounted Hubert, and so went slowly on their way. They rested at an inn that night, and it was not till the next afternoon that they approached their new home. The setting sun was lighting up the snowy meadows and the clustered cottages with their low roofs laden with snow. At the entrance of the village they were met by several of the peasants, eager to welcome back their friend; and, seeing that he had with him two pale stranger lads, they each contributed from their humble store refreshment to cheer them after their journey. They pressed the travelers to enter their cottages and rest awhile; but the old man wanted to be back at his own fireside; so, passing on through the single straggling street to a house that stood a little apart from the rest, the last in the row, the pony stopped of his own accord, and Markham, opening the latch, which, in those simple times, alone fastened the door, bade the wearied lads enter, for this was their home.

It was a low-roofed cottage of only one room, and furnished with the most perfect simplicity. Above, the oaken rafters, blackened by time and smoke, were plainly to be seen, and were festooned with strings of dried vegetables and herbs. The floor was of well-trodden clay; and a rough table, a few stools, a chest, some straw beds, and an oaken arm-chair, curiously carved by the old curate himself,

completed the furniture. A sort of rack, or shelf, on one side, served as a dresser to hold the wooden platters and horn drinking-cups; while on pegs inserted in the wall, hung a sword, a cross-bow, and various garden-tools. The old man seemed to forget his own fatigue in ministering to the comfort of his guests. Geoffrey aided him, by bringing in fagots, and soon a bountiful repast consisting of bacon, cheese, cakes, milk, and eggs, was ready to satisfy their hunger.

They were soon settled in their new home. The boys passed their time partly in study, and partly in aiding the old man to prepare his little garden for the summer crops. The cow, too, needed their care; when the snow had melted from the meadows, she must be driven to pasture in the morning, and brought home in the evening. This fell to Geoffrey's share, and gave him two long and pleasant walks a day, while Hubert attended to the humble dairy, and felt almost as proud when he had furnished the larder with a fine cheese or a trencher of golden butter as when he had recited to his master, without failing, his longest Latin lesson. The reason why the old curate accepted no help from without, but shared the most menial labors with his noble young pupils, was because in those troublous times the only chance of safety for the poor persecuted Lollards was in being as retired as possible, and especially in keeping their Bibles, if they possessed them, from the sight of those who might at some future time betray them.

Their life was quiet, and fully employed, but not without its pleasures. Markham was not only an excellent scholar, but he also loved to impart his knowledge to others. The cottage was not their only study; in the quiet lanes and sunny meadows, on the sea-shore, and in the grand old forest, he taught them all that was then known of botany and natural history. In the clear, still winter evenings, he called their attention to the stars overhead, their names, and positions, and motions, and told them how the sailor found his way upon the deep by their assistance. He showed them the signs of

the Zodiac, among which the sun and planets pursued their yearly course; he pointed out to them the "bands of Orion," the Pleiades, and "Arcturus with his sons," mentioned so beautifully in the book of Job; also the dog-star, that exerted such a baneful influence when in the ascendant, and Charles's Wain, whose two pointers always directed to that strange polar-star, which, of all that bright company, seemed never to move from its place.

But one thing he taught them which would seem very strange to the youngest school-boy or girl, in these present, more enlightened days. He told them that this earth, being a flat plain, was the centre of all the universe, and around it, in their stated time, sun, moon, and stars revolved.

Nor did he fail to remind them of the Magi, who, by the leading of a star, found the infant Christ.

But this peaceful life did not last long. When the field of the old curate was ready for the reaping, he died. Calmly and joyfully, with a hand clasped by each of the boys, he passed away from earth; and as they closed his eyes, his last words still rang in their ears: "Stand fast for the Lord, my sons, even unto death!"

CHAPTER IX.

HIDE AND SEEK IN FOREST TOWER.

Two months later found them in London, the guests once more of the Lollard trader, Philip Naseby. Before the winter came they found another home on the Yorkshire coast. There dwelt Humphrey Singleton, a man who had lost friends, fortune, and home because of his faith. He had seen his wife and children turned from their burning cottage one bitterly cold winter night by the soldiers of Arundel, and now he was alone in the world, dwelling in a place, half hut, half cave, near the summit of the Yorkshire cliffs.

There the boys found him, sitting at the door of his hermitage in the autumn twilight, feeding a lamb with grass and leaves. He gladly received his guests; and there, in that lonely place, they hoped to

be permitted to remain till they had finished their studies. As it had been before, Hubert staid quietly at home, studying, while Geoffrey oftener pursued a more active life, gathering sea-birds' eggs among the cliffs, or catching fish in a little boat far out in the bay.

One evening there came a messenger to them. He bore the Lollard password, and so was eagerly received. When he had refreshed himself, they all gathered around the fire to hear what news he might bring. They had heard already of Arundel's awful end; how, when he was sitting at a feast with his friends about him he had been struck by the hand of death. Not a moment had been given to his wretched soul to prepare itself to meet its Judge. Not a word had his palsied tongue been able to utter; only the writhing features showed his agony. Now, to their grief, they learned that his successor, Chichely, was following in his footsteps. The search after heretics was even more rigorous than before.

"Have you heard aught of what has befallen Forest Tower and its noble Lord?" said the stranger.

Geoffrey started to his feet. "Nay, we have not heard. Speak out, man, and tell me of my father."

"Your father is safe, master Geoffrey," said the man, rising and bowing respectfully to the boy. "I knew you not at first. Sir John is safe, and in Wales, by the Lord's mercy; but the archers pressed him sore, and thirsted like wild beasts for his blood. Blessed be the Lord that delivered him from the flame, and gave him wings to his feet."

"And the Tower?" said Geoffrey, breathlessly.

"There is no such place; they have not left one stone on another; I saw it myself."

Geoffrey groaned aloud, then, raising himself to his full height, he lifted his clenched hand to heaven and cried:

"It is mine! It is mine! Mine by the same right that king Harry holds his throne! They shall give it back, stone for stone, or this right hand shall lay them as low as its ashes are. I will—"

Here his hand was grasped from behind, and his master's voice said, half sternly, half sorrowfully:

"Boy! art thou to fight for an earthly habitation, or a heavenly? Hast thou renounced all these for Jesus' sake, and art so ready to snatch at them again?"

The boy sank down ashamed of this demonstration of useless anger, and listened quietly to the man's story.

We will go back to the time of the boy's departure from home, and trace the history of Forest castle and its proprietor.

When De Forest had seen Cobham safe on his road to Wales, he had returned to his home, now so desolate. Contrary to his expectations, he had remained unmolested during the whole succeeding winter and spring; indeed, he had been so free from interruption, that Oldcastle had more than once ventured from his place of concealment to attend meetings for worship held in the castle or secluded woods, and to meet such of his friends as could be allowed to know the secret of his hiding-place. Through the summer there were rumors of danger; the archbishop's soldiers had come within a few miles of the place, but, for some reason, had turned back, and, as the fall advanced, the little signals at the foot of the oak tree pronounced all safe.

One chilly November evening, when the first snow was beginning to fall on the leaf-strewn forest paths, and bare tree-branches, Lord Cobham sat in the hall at Forest Tower talking with its owner. Since the departure of the boys, it had been necessary to confide the secrets of the signals, the various passwords, and the concealed entrances to some one, and Sir John had chosen for this important post a young peasant, Charles Bertrand—he who was afterward to tell the tale of his misfortunes to the young master.

This person interrupted the conversation of the friends by announcing that a king's officer and a band of men had appeared suddenly at the gate, and were crossing the draw-bridge.

Whatever might be their errand, Cobham must not be seen; so he went quick-

ly out by the opposite door, barely having it closed upon him by the faithful Bertrand, when the visitors admitted themselves by the grand entrance.

Sir John rose to greet them with dignified courtesy. The soldier did not seem to notice the greeting, but striding up to the table, demanded if he were Sir John of the Forest.

"I am," was the reply, given in such a quiet, fearless tone, that the soldier's rough manner was somewhat modified.

"Then I arrest you for heresy and treason. Men, guard the prisoner and bring hither the guide!"

Some of the men surrounded De Forest, while others led, or rather dragged in a peasant, who seemed ready to sink through the floor with shame and terror.

"Now," said the commander, when he had advanced to the table, "look up, fellow, and tell us if this be your master or no."

The man glanced up for a moment, but his head sank again when he encountered the piercing glance of his betrayed lord, and he muttered his answer almost inaudibly: "Yes, sirs, I know him."

"And where is Cobham, who you say was sitting here not an hour ago? Come, the truth, or—you remember my promise," and he shook in the man's face a rope, knotted into a noose.

The wretch threw himself on his knees in an agony of terror.

"My life! You said you would spare me if I brought you hither!"

"Ay, thy life, and a gold angel to boot; but the truth first—where is the traitor?"

"Truly, my masters, may I never speak another word if I tell you false. It is always so: he has slipped away. He comes often to the Tower; but though I have watched the gates day and night, I have never seen him enter, or pass out. May the saints preserve me, but I believe it is an evil spirit, and not a man!"

The captain, finding he could gain nothing more from the fellow, ordered two men to guard the prisoner, and with the rest of the band, went to search the house, carrying the unwilling guide with them.

When they had gone, one of the guard took up the flagon, and, finding it empty, demanded, with an oath, where the heretic kept his wine. Sir John courteously directed him to the buttery; but scarcely had the man closed the door when the prisoner sprang on his guard, and with one well-directed blow struck him senseless. He then lost no time, but stepping to the immense open fireplace, touched a spring at the bottom of the jamb. A little door, scarcely a foot wide, opened; he passed through; it closed upon him, and no one could have told where the apparently solid stones were joined. A moment later the soldier returned, but only to find the room vacant except for his groaning comrade.

His first impulse was to recover the stunned man by dashing the contents of a water-bucket in his face, and inquire what had become of the Lollard; but as he could only discover that his companion imagined himself to have been assaulted by the Evil Spirit the guide had spoken of, who had cast a spell upon him, he turned impatiently to the doors to summon assistance, but found them fast bolted on the other side.

"It is all witchcraft, I tell you!" exclaimed the half-stunned soldier, his teeth chattering both from fear and from the cold bath he had received. "If I had known it was the Devil the archbishop was chasing, I should have staid at home. I saw the fire flash from his eyes, and, by my faith, he smelt of brimstone or ever I came in the room!"

When the captain of the band returned from his unsuccessful search for Cobham, and found that his guards had lost their prisoner, and been locked up themselves, his wrath knew no bounds. He ordered the unlucky soldiers to be chained and guarded, and threatened them with hanging; and then proceeded to search the castle anew, stamping on every stone in the pavement, in hopes of discovering the spring of the secret doors with which he had heard the building was well supplied. He did indeed find several, and the infuriated soldiers sprang in with howls of delight; but it was all in vain;

the cells, cut in the thickness of the wall, seemed to have no connection with each other, and were quite empty, except for some owls and bats, that, aroused from their sleep by the flash of the torches, hooted, and flapped their great wings in the men's faces, appearing very like the evil spirits that the invaders of their territory half believed they were.

At last, wearied with their useless efforts, they all returned to the hall for a carouse, for which the well-filled cellars of the knight supplied abundant provision. They were all, the captain as well as his men, not a little superstitious; and they were only too glad to drown with wine the feelings of dread and uneasiness which the strange events of the day and the gloomy look of the old hall had occasioned. It was not long before the strong drink had done its work, and they had all sunk down in various attitudes of drunken slumber. The captain himself, who had been sitting in the knight's own chair and drinking from his silver cup, though rather stronger-headed than the rest, began to feel drowsy; and so, having thrown some fresh logs on the fire, and taken the precaution to draw the bolts of the doors and drag a heavy settle across each, he settled himself for a sound nap.

How long he slept, he did not know; but his first sensation on waking was one of suffocation, and when he tried to raise his hands to discover the cause, he found they were tied behind him, and his mouth tightly bound with a cloth. He next discovered that he was stretched full length on one of the oaken benches, and fastened to it, so that the only movement he could make was to roll a little on one side. Wide awake now, he immediately made use of this one privilege that was left him, and looked about the room. His companions were very much in the same condition as himself, but evidently perfectly unconscious of it. The fire had been newly built up and was blazing brightly, giving all the light that was needed, and, sitting in the arm-chair which he himself had so lately occupied, warming himself by the fire, sat the man he had been seeking,

Cobham the outlaw, while Forest was sitting on a stool by his side, watching some wine that was warming in the silver cup.

The soldier was almost beside himself with rage and mortification to see the man for whom, dead or alive, such large rewards were offered, sitting there as complacently as though he had not an enemy in the world, while *he* was unable to stir either hand or foot or to cry for help. For some time he lay there thus, rendered more furious, from time to time, by the grim smile that played on Sir John's face; whenever he turned it so as to encounter the enraged glances of the prisoner.

As the soldier became cooler, however, he began to wonder how the room had been entered. He lay so that he could see all the doors, still bolted and barricaded as he had left them; but just as he was looking for some opening in the wall, or a rope hanging from one of the windows, there came a partial solution of the mystery.

The morning light was just beginning to struggle through the windows when a low whistle was heard, to which De Forest instantly replied, and then threw upon the fire a handful of something which he drew from a bag at his side. A dense black smoke arose in a cloud, obscuring, for an instant, the whole fireplace, and when it cleared away, another had been added to the group at the fireside. It was Charles Bertrand, whom the captain had already noted as in attendance on De Forest.

"Is all ready?" said Sir John to the young man.

The latter looked suspiciously around, and then, stooping so that he might be heard by none but his master, he said:

"The horses are not ready, my Lord, and there is a signal out that the mountain-road is dangerous. It will not do to try it before evening, at any rate."

"There is nothing for it but to crouch in our holes for another day, then," said the Lollard, cheerfully, and he turned to communicate the news to Cobham. They agreed to remain in their hiding-places till the next midnight; then Bertrand was to bring the horses to the entrance of one of the long, concealed passages leading from

the castle to the open country, and they were all three to make the best of their way to Wales.

Cautious as they were in general, they raised their voices a little too much in the discussion, for although they had gagged their prisoner's mouth, they had forgotten to stop his ears, and although he only heard a word here and there, he had wit enough to put them together, and make out pretty clearly what was to be their plan. Fearing, however, lest they should kill him if they suspected he had overheard them, he did not let his feelings of satisfaction appear in his face.

The three men seemed now about to depart, and the soldier watched with all his powers of eyesight to discover, if possible, how they would leave the hall. First, the knight took down from the wall his suit of mail, and, by the aid of Bertrand, put it on. He then threw over it his mantle which hung on one of the deer's antlers almost directly over the captain's head. He also chose, from several that were lying about, a good sword, and handed it to Cobham, who handled it as though he were well accustomed to its use, albeit his hand trembled a little from age. Meanwhile, Bertrand had loaded himself with a large flagon of wine and a joint of meat.

When every thing was ready, Sir John went round among the sleeping men, and, after examining them all carefully, chose the one who seemed likely to sleep the longest, and unfastened one of his hands. He then went back to the fireplace, and they all three stood close to the hearth.

"Is all ready, my Lord?" said Bertrand, leaning carelessly against the jamb of the fireplace.

Sir John replied by drawing a handful from his pouch and throwing it on the

embers which he had drawn out to the front of the hearth. The pungent smoke, which immediately arose in clouds, made the soldier wink his eyes, and when he could see clearly once more, Cobham and De Forest were still there, but Bertrand was gone. A second time the stifling smoke arose, and though the captain stretched his eyeballs almost out of their sockets, he only knew that Sir John and Cobham had vanished as unaccountably as their companion. The only thing he could do was to await, with all the patience possible, the time when yonder drunken log should become animate and release him from his bondage.

Had the captain's vision been able to penetrate the smoke, he would have seen that Bertrand, in leaning against the chimney-piece, touched a secret spring, which, as soon as the smoke of the herbs Sir John had thrown on the fire had obscured the view, opened noiselessly the narrow door, which was as noiselessly closed when all had made their exit. Could his eager gaze have converted those opaque stones into glass, he would have discovered the Lollards in a very narrow passage which wound along some distance, hollowed out of the solid wall. More than once they seemed to have arrived at a spot where their journey must terminate, but again a secret spring was touched, the obedient stones rolled back, and so they passed on till they came to a little turret-chamber, lighted by slits in the wall, which were concealed from all eyes without by the heavy screen of ivy which hung over them.

Here they paused and threw themselves down on some heaps of straw, and then, covered with their cloaks, slept as peacefully as if they had not a foe in the world.

THE HOME-FEELING.

WE attempt no definition of the compound word which forms our title. There are some things which must rather be pictured than defined. That was a true philosopher who, when asked, "What is a poet?" replied: "A poet is as much as to say—a poet."

There are some things which have the mystic element as their substructure, lying with one side in shadows, like a picture—what would *it* be without a background?—and are only the more attractive and powerful to move us, because they are so sacredly indefinite and so solemnly obscure.

This power and beauty of the mystical has a ground in our being as well as in the nature of things. We, too, are pictures to one another—like that on the title-page of Junius's Letters, *stat in umbra*—one side in the shade. That side of man which is toward us, toward the finite, the material, the present, we know; but that other side which is toward the infinite, the immaterial, the future, is hidden, or at least half hidden, to us.

Yea, farther, even man himself can define his own being only on one side. There is one direction in which he has never measured, much less fenced, his own territory. The horizon bends down around him, and he peers earnestly, like one who has lost his way, into the mysterious side of his own being. Young has well defined man in this view:

"Insect infinite!

A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised,
aghast,

And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh! what a miracle to man is man!

If, in the treatment of our present subject, we can succeed in leading the reader along this mysterious border-land of our being, near enough to keep the feeling of reverence in lively exercise, and yet not so near as to lose our hold on the solid

foundations of the known, we shall accomplish the task we have laid on ourselves. What we need—what the age needs—is not inspiration to haste and hurry, not flattery of its power to know, not stimulus to the exercise of common or uncommon sense—not this, but reverence, the sense of the sacred, the power and beauty of the mysterious which lies on all sides around our life.

The sin of the age scientifically is the rage for analysis—a tearing asunder what God and time have joined together, a negative destructiveness. The spirit of the mechanical botanist is rife; he tears the flower to pieces, destroys the beautiful combinations in which alone it is truly itself, and studies—what? The flower? No; fragments, a ruin. The chemist hankers after the destruction of a diamond "to show the experiment." The visitor to a picture-gallery would love to scrape just one spot of the painting to see what kind of canvas was used by the masters, and how thick the coating of paint is. The one listening to the notes of a canary forgets the music, and is aching to cut open its throat to see what kind of a windpipe it has, and whether he can discover the exact point where the notes come from! This spirit looks upon the whole world of outer and inner being as one vast dissecting-room, and imagines that the highest science can only live on ruins—the cut-up corpses of what is only whole and beautiful in life.

These remarks we have deemed necessary to justify ourselves in eschewing definition. We want no definition, but a picture. If any one should ask, What is the home-feeling? we answer: It is as much as to say—the home-feeling. For us, it is enough to know—what the reader will grant—that there lies in every uncorrupted bosom a certain mysterious consciousness which spontaneously responds with a certain class of emotions and memories, to the word home-feeling.

The home of our childhood is the place

where—at least as it seems to us afterward—we spend the pleasantest part of our life. It is a spot around which memory in later life loves to linger. This home seems to be not so much a place as a state; for most of its charm is made up of the impressions which are there wrought in our memory.

As unpleasant memories, because they are unpleasant and therefore not willingly revived, pass more readily out of view, and on the contrary, pleasant memories, because they are pleasant and therefore cherished, are most tenaciously retained, the memories and associations of our early home gradually glorify the place to our retrospective vision, and the love of it becomes to us a permanent inheritance.

The longer our life becomes, the more strongly does it seem to bind us back to the home of our childhood. Our inner life, as soon as its first childhood is left behind, begins to travel toward the second, which it reaches in old age, when all that belonged to and characterized the first is singularly revived, and binds to itself again what was then bound to it, if with a riper, yet with an equally pure, implicit, and childlike love. The convoluted sea-shell, on whatever shore the billows may have cast it, moans still for its old ocean-bed; the magnetic needle, however acted upon by diverting and disturbing forces, ever tremblingly seeks the pole; the bird of passage, in its season, yields its life to the attracting power of the "sweet south," and reaches it through fog and storms. So our restless hearts ever turn with mysterious spontaneity to that spot dearer than all others—that beginning and centre of our life which moves not with the whirl, nor travels with us in our pilgrimage—that place of rest, and peace and love, our childhood home.

It is the history of this feeling, rather than a record of the events of our earliest life, that constitute the true history of our childhood. The outward acts of childhood are not its history, and they give little clue to its inward and true history. The peculiar plastic life which really wrought in us during those beautiful years can only be read in the impressions

which we then received, and which memory has carried with it as part of our own deep life. These memories truly indicate the impressions then made, and the state and process of the mind and heart in receiving them. These memories are the true book of our early life; and if we wish to make a record of our childhood for others, these memories are, and must be, the life of the record we make.

Agreeably with this law of our life, the child ever lives on in the man, which is both a pleasure and a substantial good to our life. The sacred life and power of home runs thus in mystic under-current and undertone through every stage and phase of after-life.

The home-feeling, as made up of earlier impressions and later memories, has accordingly a true development and history; and home is not so much one place as a continuous location of our thoughts, feelings, impressions, and memories. The home of the babe is its mother's bosom, lap, and arms. The home of the infant is the nursery. The home of the boy or girl is the yard and playground. The home of the youth is the whole paternal domain. The home of manhood is a continuous reproduction of all these in the mind and memory, and a transferring of them to other and wider localities. The home of the citizen extends over his country, which is his fatherland—an extension of the idea of the family home. The home of the Christian is the church, which overleaps the limits of nationality and becomes catholic. The home of the glorified saint is universal as the wide realm of the Redeemer, who is Head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.

In all this development and enlargement there is no loss substantially of earlier elements. Its laws are strictly the laws of life, which is always becoming more, without losing any thing, of what it potentially and substantially was from the beginning; even as the tree, in its development from the infant scion, ever casts off what to it has become effete and useless, and puts on what it needs for its further growth, and is thus ever changing

its form, whilst through all the evolution its identity and essential life remain always the same. Thus life is extension without removal from its centre—better, without essential change; it is the past ever in the present—the future and present ever rooting and living in the past.

In attempting a picture of our home-feeling as thus grounded in our life, we must begin where life itself begins—in the family. Here the word home itself is begotten. The word, very significantly, means hidden, covered, secret, or concealed. In the family home lie the deepest and most determining springs of our life. Here are the germs of the future growth. Here are the elements which inform, inlay, and feed the tenderest and most delicate tissues and fibres of our early growth. Here are found the finest adjustments in the union of the world without and the world within us. Here, as in the inner petals of the rose, are the softest touches. Here is that heart of things out of which are the issues of life, and of all that in life shall yet be. Here rises that stream, the liveliest green of whose margin enables us always to trace it back to its source. Here we began. Here nations began. Here the race began. Here redemption began.

Home has a scenery indoors which silently educates, and thus gives the very earliest colorings to the home-feeling. Where shall we begin to trace the germinal powers of the future being? Where actually do begin the mysterious shapings and shadings of life? If we would trace a river to its source, we can at first go with a whole fleet upward; after a while we must come down to a single boat; then this must be exchanged for a light canoe; at length we must wade on foot; still later we seek its half-hidden babblings under roots, matted grass, moss and leaves; afterward, when these traces of its presence also fail, we must begin to dig after scarcely perceptible veins; and finally, we give up the search because we have not a microscope of sufficient power to make the solid rock transparent to us, through the pores of which, back, and still farther back, creeps the mysterious

beginning. So we trace the beginnings of human life. The very first touches, which the senses receive from the outward world impress the spirit and give it bias. The first nourishment affects the immortal being! Let no one say that it does this only physically. A human being is not two beings, but one—a living unit, including soul and body. To say that what affects the body of the human infant does not at the same time also affect the soul, is as unphilosophical as to say that the moist earth and the warm sun affect only the matter or body of the infant plant, and not also the life.

Moreover, do we not well know that the spirit is ever affected by and through the body? This is the case even in adult life when the bent of the body is strongly set, and even in the most intellectual and strong-willed persons where the spirit has attained to a state of high supremacy and freedom; how much more must this be the case in tender infancy when all the powers are as yet in a state far more plastic and pliable.

Yea, we go farther, and say that even the moral state of the parent thus early, and through the physical medium in both, affects the moral state of infant life. Do we not know, for instance, what influence is exerted upon the action of physical organs and fluids of the body by anger, envy, revenge, and such like passions? Thus does the very spirit and peculiar life of the parent flow in the very nutriment that feeds and grows the infant life. How can it be otherwise, unless we ignore the deep law of cause and effect, and by that analysis which only science, but not life, knows, disjoin and sunder what belongs together in the very constitution of human life?—a life in which most emphatically the outer and inner life, matter and spirit, are joined reciprocally.*

Thus early, then, does the moral state of the parent begin to reproduce itself in the offspring. How deeply but also fear-

* We remember a profound discussion of this interesting subject by Jeremy Taylor, but unfortunately have not at present that authority within reach to quote.

fully imbedded in the hidden sources of life do we really find the foundations of home! When our Saviour says so profoundly that there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed, the converse of the proposition is implied, that there is nothing revealed which has not first been hidden.

Whilst we deny not, but confirm the truth, that a strong plastic energy of our nature works in us, we, on the other hand, bring to their true and full prominence also the coördinate objective moulding forces of our life. In this way only are we able to account fully for the existence of family likenesses and lineaments, for family features, mannerisms, and habits, and for the family *esprit de corps*. As the sun develops, as it were out of the substance of the flower-petal, the various colors of the light, and at the same time fixes them firmly there, so the features, tones, and modes of the parent, in a measure, incarnate themselves in the child. Hence the good fortune of the child depends greatly not merely upon the parent's doing good, but also upon his being good.

In these mysterious depths do we seek and truly find the first elements of home, and the genial bosom in which the home-feeling has its incipient dawn. That there are many and various invasions on this fundamental law and order of our life, which prove interferences to its normal development, and hence form grounds for various exceptions, is most sure; but this does not set aside the fact that in the relation of our infant being to all that is objective to itself, we are thus "fearfully and wonderfully made," and that "our substance, curiously wrought," and "made in secret," "yet being imperfect," is "in continuance fashioned" in that mysterious bosom of family life where our infant being germinates and receives its first and most delicate nurture, both of body and soul.

After this, in a farther stage of our infant development, and consequently more palpable in its operations and effects, comes the moulding influence of the parental eyes, tones, mien, and actions. As

the sun and air upon opening flowers, so do the light of the eye, the smile on the face, and the sound of words oft repeated act upon the dawning self-consciousness, evoking a response. Thus shone upon, the eye grows gradually intelligent, the negative but receptive face begins to radiate, and after a while the infant gives forth tones such as it has heard, at first faintly but more and more itself perceiving their sense. Thus more and more does it begin to live in that which surrounds it. Its spirit locates itself in that which has influenced and impressed it. Thus living in that which blesses what it calls forth, this world beyond itself becomes more and more necessary both to its activity and its happiness. It is widening its home and nestling itself in it. Thus, what is nearest to us partakes most of us and we of it. Whatever, especially in a pure and pleasant way, impresses us, cultivates the home-feeling.

What may be called the out-door surroundings of home impresses us later. Nature becomes intelligible as we grow intelligent. Its sense opens itself only to the opening spirit. All the scenery around home silently but surely educates, whilst at the same time, as we may say, it is educated, and as it becomes intelligized, it fastens itself on the mind and heart in which is found its own true meaning.

What, in natural scenery, really educates and moulds us is that which is most homogeneous with the peculiar natural talent or possibility that lies latent in our particular nature. What this particularly is we know not at the time, but shall know later; and how it does educate and mould us, only the deepest philosophy, and the most earnest meditation on the mysteries of our own life, can point out and explain to us. To this treasure of wisdom, as we have already intimated, memory alone holds the key, and it will reveal its operations to faithful reflection in after-years.

We have already said that whatever memory calls up most readily and pleasantly from the half-buried world of childhood, that it was which at the time most

deeply impressed us ; and hence when we recall those particular features of scenery, or return and look upon the original ob-

jects again, they will themselves respond to their own deeply impressed images in us.

THE BANDS OF ORION.

HAVING described the Pleiades in a former paper,* let us now turn to the beautiful antithesis of the text: "Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" This cluster of stars—the *Kesil* of the ancient Chaldeans—is by far the most magnificent constellation in the heavens. Its form must be familiar to every one who has attentively considered the nocturnal sky. It resembles the rude outline of a gigantic human figure. By the Greek mythologists, Orion was supposed to be a celebrated hunter, superior to the rest of mankind in strength and stature, whose mighty deeds entitled him after death to the honors of apotheosis. The Orientals imagined him to be a huge giant who, Titanlike, had warred against God, and was therefore bound in chains to the firmament of heaven ; and some authors have conjectured that this notion is the origin of the history of Nimrod, who, according to Jewish tradition, instigated the descendants of Noah to build the Tower of Babel. The constellation of Orion is composed of four very bright stars, forming an elongated square, with three equidistant stars in a diagonal line in the middle. The two upper stars, called Betelgeux and Bellatrix, form the shoulders ; in the middle, immediately above these, are three small, dim stars, close to each other, forming the cheek or head. These stars are distinctly visible only in a very clear night ; and this circumstance may have given rise to the old fable that CEnopion, king of Chios—whose daughter Orion demanded in marriage—put out his eyes as he lay asleep on the sea-shore, and that he recovered his sight by gazing upon the rising sun from the summit of a neighboring hill. The constellation is

therefore represented by the poets as groping with blinded eyes all round the heavens in search of the sun. The feet are composed of two very bright stars, called Rigel and Saiph ; the three stars in the middle are called the belt or girdle, and from them depends a stripe of smaller stars, forming the hunter's sword. The whole constellation, containing seventeen stars to the naked eye, but exhibiting seventy-eight under an ordinary telescope, occupies a large and conspicuous position in the eastern or southern heavens, below the Pleiades, and is often visible, owing to the brightness and magnitude of its stars, when all other constellations, with the exception of the Plow, are lost in the mistiness of night. In this country it is seen only a short space above the horizon, along whose rugged outline of dark hills its starry feet may be observed for many nights in the winter, walking in solitary grandeur. It attains its greatest elevation in January and February, and disappears altogether during the summer and autumn months. In the East, however, it occupies the same lofty position near the zenith which the Plow does in our northern skies, and therefore it never sets. Night after night it sheds down its mystical rays with unwavering splendor over the lonely solitudes through which the Euphrates flows, and where the tents of the patriarch of Uz once stood.

Orion is not only the most striking and splendid constellation in the heavens ; it is also one of the very few clusters that are visible in all parts of the habitable world. The equator passes through the middle of it ; the glittering stars of its belt being strung, like diamonds, on its invisible line. In the beginning of January, when it is about the meridian, we obtain the grandest display of stars which

* HOURS AT HOME, May, page 28.

the sidereal heavens in this country can exhibit. The ubiquity of this constellation may have been one of the reasons why it was chosen to illustrate God's argument with Job, in a book intended to be read universally wherever the human race should extend. Had the Southern Cross, one of the most brilliant objects in the midnight sky of Chaldea, or any other constellation peculiar to the glowing south, been chosen, the argument here might have been as convincing and appropriate to Job, but it would have lost much of its point and significancy to us, and to all who dwell under the bleak northern heavens. But when the Bible-reader of every clime and country can go out in the appropriate season, and find in his own sky the very constellation, and direct his gaze to the very peculiarity in it to which the Creator alluded in his mysterious converse with Job, he has no longer a vague, indefinite idea in his mind, but is powerfully convinced of the reality of the whole circumstance, while his feelings of devotion are deepened and intensified.

The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or *bands* of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other, and to the rest of the constellation, from year to year, and from age to age. They present precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No sooner does the constellation rise above the horizon, however long may have been the interval since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford to us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. When heart-sick and weary of the continual alterations we observe in this world, on whose most enduring objects and affections is written the melancholy doom, "Passing away!" it is comforting to look up to this bright beacon in the heavens, that remains unmoved amid all the restless surges of time's great ocean. And yet in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocities, they are

whirling round invisible centres, and ever shifting their positions in space, and ever passing into new collocations. They appear to us motionless and changeless, because of our great distance from them; just as the foaming torrent that rushes down the hillside with the speed of an arrow, and in the wildest and most vagrant courses, filling all the air with its ceaseless shouts, appears from an opposite hill frozen by the distance into silence and rest—a mere motionless, changeless glacier on the mountain-side. Mysterious triplet of stars, that are ever changing, and yet never seeming to change! How wonderful must be the Power which preserves such perfect order amid all their complex arrangements, such sublime peace and everlasting permanence amid the incalculable distances to which they wander, and the bewildering velocities with which they move! What answer can Job give to the question of the Almighty? Can man, whose breath is in his nostrils, and who is crushed before the moth, unclasp that brilliant starry bracelet which God's own hand has fastened on the dusky arm of night? Can man separate these stars from one another, or alter their relative positions in the smallest degree? What is it that controls all their movements, and keeps them united together in their peculiar form? It is the force of gravitation, which is not a mere mechanical agency, unoriginated and uncontrolled, but the delegated power of the Almighty—the will of Him who has the keys of the universe, and "shutteth, and no man openeth: and openeth, and no man shutteth." How sublime the thought that the same Power which binds the starry bands of Orion, keeps together the particles of the common stone by the wayside—that those mighty masses are controlled by the same Almighty influence which regulates the falling of the snow-flake and the gentle breath of summer, that directs the motions of the minutest animalcule, and weaves the attenuated line of the gossamer!

If we look with the naked eye at the star Rigel, which forms the right foot of the constellation, we observe nothing re-

markable about it, except its beauty and brightness, for it is a star of the first magnitude. If we apply a good telescope to it, however, we find that it is a *double star*. This is merely one example of a binary arrangement which prevails to a great extent throughout the heavens, upward of five thousand double stars having their positions measured and laid down in our catalogues. These binary stars revolve round each other, or round a common centre; those which are most closely associated having the swiftest revolutions, and, strange to say, they all shine with differently colored light. Wherever two stars are closely connected together, the color of the one is found to be the complement of the other, producing by their combination a white light. For instance, when one star is green, its companion is red; and a blue star is almost invariably accompanied by a yellow one. We thus see the same harmony of color prevailing, on a stupendous scale, among the orbs of heaven as among the colored petals of the lowliest wayside flower; both, though separated so widely from each other by size, distance, and importance, belonging to one grand system, all whose parts are perfect; the rainbow-flowers of the footstool, as well as the starry flowers of the throne, proclaiming them to be the work of one all-wise and all-powerful Artist. The reason why the double stars possess the power of dividing light in such a singular manner is wrapped in mystery. Some attribute it to differences in the chemical qualities of the meteoric fuel consumed in these orbs; others, to the differences in the velocities with which they revolve round each other, causing differences in those undulations of light which are constituent of colors. If the former supposition be true, we may be furnished some time, when the prismatic spectrum, which has recently made such astonishing discoveries, is better understood, with tolerably accurate information regarding the chemical substances which enter into the composition of even the remotest stars. If the latter supposition be correct, we obtain an intelligible explanation of the change of color which

certain stars appear to have undergone since first they were observed; Sirius, for instance, being described by the ancient astronomers as a red star; whereas now it is brilliantly white; these changes being caused by changes in their orbital motions. It does not always require the aid of the telescope to distinguish the colors of stars. Some of them are distinctly visible to the naked eye. The bright star called Betelgeux, forming the left shoulder of Orion, is of a bright red color; so also are Aldebaran and Arcturus. Capella and Procyon are yellow, and Castor green. Smaller stars do not exhibit this peculiarity in so striking a manner; but the application of the most ordinary telescope reveals it immediately. Through the clear transparent atmosphere of a Syrian night, without any optical aid whatever, one star is seen to shine like an emerald, another like a ruby, a third like a sapphire, and a fourth like a topaz—the whole nocturnal heavens appearing to sparkle with a blaze of jewels. How strange and inconceivable to us must be the appearance presented by these double and parti-colored suns shining simultaneously in the sky! “It may be easier suggested in words,” says Sir John Herschel, “than conceived in imagination, what a variety of illumination two stars, a red and a green, or a yellow and blue one, must afford a planet circulating round either; and what cheering contrasts and grateful vicissitudes a red and green day, for instance, alternating with a white one and darkness, must arise from the presence or absence of one or other or both from the horizon!”

There is one object of surpassing interest connected with the constellation of Orion, to which I must briefly refer in conclusion. On examining the middle star in the sword, on a clear frosty night, it appears, even to the naked eye, invested with a kind of haze or indefiniteness not usually observed about stars of similar magnitude. The application of the smallest telescope reveals at once the cause, and resolves the seeming star itself into a diffused mist of light. We are gazing on the far-famed nebula of Orion, the most stupendous and magnificent object in the

heavens. By that faintly luminous speck we are brought to the very outskirts of creation, to the remotest point which human vision has been able to reach amid the awful profundities of space. Though visible to the naked eye, and connected with one of our nearest constellations, it lies so immeasurably far off, separated from us by an immensity so great, that a ray of light leaving it must take fifty or sixty thousand years to reach our world. For a long time the most powerful instruments of the astronomer anxiously directed to this celestial hieroglyphic under the most favorable conditions for observation, and even in southern climes, where the skies are incomparably clearer than ours, could not decipher its real character. It assumed, with higher optical powers, an appearance of greater magnificence; its light became far more brilliant, and its form expanded into gigantic proportions, but still it showed not the faintest trace of stellar constitution; it became only the more mysterious and indescribable. Fantastic arms of silvery light—streamers of luminous mist, branching inextricably away—thinning off into the most delicate gossamer films, and finally fading into darkness almost imperceptibly; “isolated patches of more vivid brilliancy, lying as it were on the shore of night, with huge caverns of absolute blackness and emptiness dug out through the phosphorescent mass;” these were the strange features which this splendid shield of sky-blazonry presented to the finest telescopes of the past day. The Isis hidden behind the mysterious web could not be unveiled. It provoked a profound curiosity, which it refused to gratify. So unaccountable did it seem—so utterly unlike any other object in the heavens—so different from all that had hitherto been known of collections of stars—that some of the most eminent astronomers did not hesitate to assert that it was merely an accumulation of self-shining nebulous fluid, akin to the cometic, diffused amid the interstellar spaces of our own heavens. This, however, it could not be, for, unlike a comet, it never shifted its relative position among the stars of Orion—it never came one

second nearer our earth, and no remoter stars could be seen shining through it. By others, with more plausibility, it was regarded as matter in an extreme state of rarefaction and diffusion. Hence originated the famous “nebular hypothesis” by which atheists attempted to get rid of the agency of God in the work of creation. Here, they imagined, they were conducted to the very source of matter, existing at first in a gaseous diffused condition in space, gradually concentrating and becoming solid, until at last stars and worlds were produced capable of supporting organic life. This, they thought, geological testimony warranted them in supposing was the history of our own earth’s construction; and if so, why might not other bodies of the solar and stellar systems be even now going through a series of similar changes? The nebula of Orion might be the primary germ-substance of new worlds gradually shaping themselves from the thin formless matter around them, and developing themselves independently of the will of a personal Creator, and solely by virtue of some unknown but passionless law of nature. Infidels made the most of this hypothesis, but it did not answer the object they had in view. It might trace back the mass to an anterior state, “which,” as Laplace says, “was itself preceded by other states in which the nebulous matter was more and more diffuse, and in this manner we arrive at a nebulosity so diffuse that its existence could scarcely be suspected;” but even here the question would arise: “Whence came that primitive state of matter?” Carry our speculations as far back as we may, we shall only arrive at proximate beginnings of previous conditions—the idea of a primary beginning being still beyond our conception. The truth is, that all our scientific investigations will never conduct us to the ultimatum—the commencement of matter. As Dr. Harris admirably says: “Even if permitted to gaze on the primordial elements of things, science of itself could not be certain of the fact. If, while the astronomer was searching the depths of space with his instrument, a nebulous body was to be strictly

originated under his gaze, his science could not assure him that the body had not come wandering thither from some distant quarter where it had existed under other conditions. The fact that it must some time have had a beginning might be instinctively felt by him as a truth of reason; but in the nature of things the fact could be made known to him only as an authoritative announcement, and that announcement could come to him only from another and a higher source—from the Divine Originator himself." All that we look for at the hands of science is to admit the analogical evidence which geology affords of a real and true beginning; and to satisfy the intellectual necessity, the imperative requirements of reason, by admitting that such a commencement there must have been, preparatory to the due reception of the sublime affirmative of inspiration: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." But apart from metaphysical reasoning, superior optical power has completely overthrown the hypothesis. The same nebula that furnished atheists with arguments against the existence and providence of God, and the truth of the Mosaic cosmogony, in the course of a few years supplied the means of their triumphant defeat. No sooner was the magnificent telescope of Lord Rosse directed to it, in circumstances favorable for the employment of its highest powers, than the luminous haze became resolved into myriads of sparkling particles, small as the point of a needle, and close as the grains of a handful of sand. It was found to be, not matter in an extreme state of diffusion and rarefaction, but a vast assemblage—a very blaze of stars—clusters upon clusters—systems upon systems; the molecules double stars; the ultimate particles suns with planets perchance revolving around them. Though to the naked eye apparently only a thousandth part of the visible breadth of our own sun, this faintly luminous patch contains in reality more stars than the telescope can enable us to see all over the heavens in the clearest winter night. And there are thousands of such nebulae, presenting the strangest forms, more fan-

tastic than the clouds that float on a breezy summer sky, and so distant from each other that light must travel a thousand years before it can pass from one to another. The orbit of Neptune—the outermost planet of the solar system—is six billions of miles in diameter; and yet a line measuring the length of that orbit would not be long enough to reach across the ring of nebulae in the constellation Lyra. Some of the nebulae lying on the very verge of infinity baffle the curiosity of the astronomer, and continue mere films of light even under the telescope of Lord Rosse or the Cambridge and Pulкова refractors; but analogy leads us to conclude that all nebulae are resolvable into stars, and appear as nebulae only because of their great distance. All the countless stars that glitter singly in our heavens belong to one nebula; our solar system is one of its central stars; Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, and all the brilliant constellations which we see on a cloudless night, form its spangled interior; while the broad, irregular zone of filmy light which girdles the heavens, called by the American Indians the "Road of Souls," the path of the good to Paradise, is its dim and distant outskirts. And this magnificent universe spreading immediately around us on every side, would appear, if viewed from the nearest nebula, a mere filmy cloud, hardly distinguishable in the depths of the heavens. Each of the hazes that float in space is a universe by itself—a galaxy of suns and planets—worlds, perchance, peopled with life and intelligence like our own; each nebula is a firmament of stars, a heaven of constellations, rising tier above tier—stratum above stratum—vast beyond the utmost stretch of imagination; some so remote that the light by which we see them left them ages before the creation of man; nay, their dim illumination may inform us, "not of their present existence, but that they were, and sent forth into space the light we are now receiving at an epoch farther back into the past than the momentary epoch of our human race by above twenty millions of years." Who then can gaze upon the cloudy speck in the sword

of Orion without feelings of the deepest emotion? While it silences the scoff of the infidel, it increases the awe and reverence of the devout by immeasurably exalting their conception of the universe—by giving a new and profound significance to the solemn appeal to man which issued

from the invisible shrine of the All-compasser—the All-sustainer: “Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?” “Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?”

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES IN THE EAST.

AMONG the few regions of our globe which have not, in modern times, been penetrated by the daring explorers who, at the call of science, have periled health and life, to add to the map of the world the true source of a river, the height of a mountain, or the extent of a valley in Africa, Asia, or South-America, there is none of deeper interest, yet hitherto more entirely unknown, than the interior of the great peninsula of Arabia. The home of the descendants of Ishmael, with whom were mingled perhaps at an early period some of the Hamitic tribes; the source from whence were drawn those fascinating stories of Eastern romance, so well known as *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*, or by all other nations than those speaking our English tongue, as *The Thousand and One Nights*; and during the earlier portion of the Middle ages, the seat of the abstruser sciences, mathematics, philosophy, chemistry, and medicine, this region had become, for the last thousand years, an unknown land. It was supposed to be mainly a sandy desert, over which roamed a few thousand Bedouins, dark-browed, sunburned, gaunt, and fierce sons of Ishmael, with whom human life was of little account, and among whom the luckless traveler would soon find himself a slave for life, if perchance he escaped the points of their sharp spears. In the old division of the peninsula, by the ancient geographers, into Arabia Felix, Arabia Petræa, and Arabia Deserta, the modern land of Yemen was supposed to represent the “happy Arabian land,” the western coast the rocky and mountainous portion, and all

the remainder was incontinently pronounced a desert. Burekhardt, a century ago, attempted to penetrate into this desert; he visited, as an Arab sheik, the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and plunged boldly into the northern desert, but was unable to pass beyond it. During the present century, Dr. Wallin, a Finnish geographer, penetrated into the northern portion of the interior, and found there a considerable community, who were not wholly Bedouin; but his travels were not published in full, and no other explorer had followed in his footsteps.

It was known to those specially interested in geographical studies that in the latter part of the last century, a religious reformer had appeared among the Arabs, by the name of Mohammed Ebn-Abd-al-Wahab, who, insisting on strict conformity to the letter of the Koran, and the rejection of the traditions and oral law of Islamism, had gathered a large number of followers, and early in the present century had fallen under the displeasure of the Sultan of Turkey, who sent an army for his destruction in 1808, and that a somewhat bloody conflict followed, in which the Turkish troops were at first worsted, but finally, under the command of Ibrahim Pasha, were successful, and in 1818, routed and defeated the greater part of the Wahabite army, captured the chief or Imaum, Abdallah Ebn Saoud, and burned their capital, Derayah. It was reported and believed that after this signal defeat, the remainder of the Wahabites adopted the nomad life, and became only another of the Bedouin tribes. It seems singular

that such fictions could have been credited for so many years in regard to a peninsula whose coasts have been so well known and so constantly visited for half a century.

This ignorance of that extensive region, a country as large as the United States east of the Mississippi, has recently been partially dissipated by the explorations of an English traveler and scholar, Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave, a graduate of Oxford, who had spent twenty years in the East, and had become thoroughly familiar with the Arab tribes, and as conversant with Arabic as with his own vernacular. As early as 1861, he had resolved to make the attempt to enter this unknown land, and explore it from north to south, and only hesitated as to the character he should assume, as he was well aware that to go as a professed traveler would be to expose himself to certain death. Burckhardt, and Wallin, and more recently Burton, in his visit to Mecca, and Vambéry in his tour in Eastern Asia, had professed to be dervishes, but this disguise would subject the traveler to strong suspicions, and, very likely, lead to his murder, while a dervish of Turkey or Syria would meet with no mercy from the fanatical Wahabites. He preferred therefore to assume the character of a traveling doctor, a character held in much esteem among the Arabs, for which he was well qualified, having studied medicine. This disguise did not require him to abjure Christianity, as the Arabs had no objection to being cured of disease by a physician who was a Christian; and although he was compelled to avoid any appearance of curiosity in regard to the manners, customs, and habits of the people, which would have exposed him to suspicion, he was yet able to pick up a large amount of useful and interesting information concerning the country, in the exercise of his profession.

On the fifth of May, 1862, Mr. Palgrave and his companions, who went with him professedly as attendants, reached Gaza, their final starting-point. Here they remained three weeks, in order to obtain guides, etc.

At length, on the twenty-seventh of May, they left that town in charge of some Arabs of the Beni-Ahijeh, who were to conduct them as far as Maan on the pilgrimage route from Damascus to Mecca. They first crossed the desert of El Tih, through the rocky gorges of which they traveled for four days, mostly in a south-south-east direction; thence turning north-east, they reached Maan, which is the frontier of the Northern Arabian desert. Here they were detained twelve days in obtaining guides through the waterless desert, which stretches from Maan to Jaûf, a province of the Upper Nejed, and which is inhabited by the most desperate of all the Bedouin tribes. In crossing this desert, they found but one watering-place, and were near perishing in a si-moom. They encountered no living thing in this part of their route, except a few serpents and lizards, until they had reached the frontier of the independent principality of Jebel Shemer, which commenced with the Wadi (valley of) Serhan. On the thirtieth of June, they entered the province of Jaûf. Here they found groups of lovely villages nestling under the palm-trees, and two ancient Christian towers, probably of the early Byzantine period, which commanded the place and the entrance to the valley.

The kingdom of Jebel (the mountains of) Shemer lies between $26^{\circ} 30'$ and 32° north latitude, and $33^{\circ} 40'$ and 44° east longitude—a region about as large as the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. Part of its inhabitants are nomads or Bedouins, and part villagers and farmers. About two thirds of the surface is barren and desert, but the wadis or valleys are fertile, and yield a rich return even to their imperfect culture. The inhabitants of these narrow and rugged defiles and valleys were, in early times, Christians, and long withstood Mohammed and his successors. The state religion is now Mohammedan, but it is only prominent in the towns. In the villages, and among the scattered population, the religion seemed to be a form of Sabæanism. The inhabitants repeated a form of prayer

morning and evening, turning their faces to the rising and setting sun—a practice especially forbidden in the Koran. Some of these prayers Mr. Palgrave wrote down, and found them simple forms of adoration and petition, addressed in the name of God toward the sun. They also offered annual sacrifices at the tombs of their nearest relatives, generally a sheep or a camel. In some parts of the kingdom too he found the worship of trees prevalent. One kind of tree, a species of acacia, named by the Arabs “Zulh,” received extraordinary homage; prayers were offered to it, and dances performed round its trunk. It was supposed to have the power of sending rain. After spending about three weeks in the province of Jaûf, Mr. Palgrave and his party proceeded to Hail, the capital of the kingdom of Jebel Shomer, where they were most hospitably received and kindly treated by the king, Zelal Ebn Rashid. The people of Hail he describes as physically one of the finest races of the Eastern continent. The capital contains about twenty thousand inhabitants. It is well built, with a good market-place, tolerable shops, and a fine palace in the centre of the city. It is surrounded by fortifications and walls. The kingdom has been established about sixty years, but is well organized, and divided into several provinces, each ruled by a governor dependent on the king. For an oriental country, it is well governed and prosperous. After a residence of six weeks at Hail, Mr. Palgrave and his companions, now sixteen in number, left the city for further journeying southward. On the ninth of September, they crossed the Jebel (mountain of) Salma, noted in pre-Islamite times as the seat of Koleib-Waâl, a mighty monarch, whose sway extended over half of Arabia. On the thirteenth of September, they entered the kingdom of the Wahabites, whose sovereign, Abdallah Ebn Saoud, is known among the Arabs as the Sultan of Nejed. Their road for several days had passed through long valleys running from north-east to south-west, well watered and abounding in gardens, but monotonous from the

absence of mountains. On the fourteenth they reached the crest of a moderate elevation, and saw lying below them to the south, the plains of Kasim, the frontier province of the Wahabites, which, like most of the kingdom, has a tropical climate. It extends over 10° of latitude and 7° of longitude, comprising a region about equal to that of the Atlantic States. It is bounded on the east by the Persian Gulf and on the west by the pilgrimage road. After remaining nearly three weeks in the province of Kasim, the inhabitants of which they found enterprising traders and cotton-growers, the travelers went on toward Riadh, the present capital of the kingdom, a beautiful town surrounded by magnificent gardens, and with houses two and three stories high, of sun-burned bricks, and possessing considerable architectural beauty. They arrived at Riadh on the thirteenth of October, where they were kindly received, and lodgings assigned them by the king. They remained in the city, which contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, till the twenty-fifth of November, and Mr. Palgrave gained a high reputation by his success as a physician. The government is an absolute monarchy, a despotism pure and simple, and more absolute, perhaps, than any in history. The kingdom is divided into eleven provinces, each having a governor, and these into districts, with subordinate governors, and these into villages and towns, each under strict control, with fixed taxes, which are well understood, and not like those of the Turkish Empire, subject to the caprice of the collectors. For an Oriental country, it may be said to be well managed.

The Wahabites are Mohammedan purists, adhering most strictly to the letter of the Koran, and that only. They regard with equal hatred the Shiites and the Sunnites, and do not acknowledge the religious authority of any of Mohammed's successors. The family and descendants of Mohammed Ebn Abd-al-Wahab, the founder of the sect and nation, have great influence, and are regarded as the highest authorities in religious questions. Mr. Palgrave questioned one of these, a

very severe and zealous bigot, as to what were the great and deadly sins, and what the more venial ones in their religion. He replied, "that the greatest and first sin was Polytheism, or worshiping any thing else but God." Mr. Palgrave asked what was the next great sin? The Wahabite replied without hesitation, "Drinking the shameful," that is, smoking tobacco, smoking being, in their language, synonymous with drinking, and tobacco, a thing so vile and wicked as to be named only as "the shameful." Mr. Palgrave asked whether murder, theft, false witness, adultery, etc., were not also among the great sins? "No!" was the reply, "God is merciful; these are all little sins. But 'drinking the shameful' he will never forgive." Wearing silk dresses is also reckoned a great sin.

Mr. Palgrave subsequently learned that such was the heinousness of the sin of smoking, in the view of the religious chiefs, that any man, however elevated his position, was punished with a severe beating with rods, if found guilty of it. The king's brother, the heir-apparent to the throne, was detected in the use of tobacco, and was publicly hoisted and beaten at his own palace-gate, for the offense. The minister of finance, who had also indulged in the practice, was beaten so severely that he died the next day. The cholera visited the country in 1857, and the Wahabite Mullahs decided that it was in consequence of some departure from the purity of their religious faith and practice. Accordingly the severest punishments were inflicted on all who smoked, upon all who dressed in silks, and upon the children for playing in the streets. Prayers were enjoined five times a day, and all conversation was prohibited between the hours of evening and morning prayer. "To this day," says Mr. Palgrave, "in the streets of Riadh alone of all the cities of the East, no children are to be seen playing." One of the principal dogmas of the Wahabites is the absolute, universal, all-pervading power of the Divinity in every thing. Whatever is done by the animate or inanimate creation is done by the direct in-

terposition of God. If a boy spins a top, it is not he, but God, who does it; if a stone falls, or fire burns, it is God that causes it, by the direct exercise of his power. The result of the belief in this dogma is, that the Wahabites are the most complete fatalists of all the children of the East.

Mr. Palgrave had an opportunity, under an order to prescribe for one of the Sultan's horses, to visit his stables, where were between one and two hundred of the finest horses of the pure Arabian breed, such horses as had never been seen in Europe. They were generally, he says, from fourteen to fifteen hands high; none of them much exceeded fifteen hands. They were generally gray, some mottled, some chestnut, a very few white, and still fewer black, but none of them bay. These horses, he says, are never sold by any chance, and change owners only by heritage, as a present, or by being captured in war.

Mr. Palgrave had been warned, soon after arriving at Riadh, that he would find it difficult to get away. Very few strangers were ever admitted to the capital, and still fewer to the presence of the king; and the small number who did were in peril, either of being put to death upon any sudden pique of the despot, who had in many cases put those to death whom he had invited; or if, for any cause, he feared to do this, they were urged, and almost compelled to accept a wife, a house, and attendants, after which they were completely in the tyrant's power. A few weeks after Mr. Palgrave's arrival, the king sent for him, and after extolling the effect of his medicines, told him that he was too valuable a person to lose, and offered him a wife and a fine house, with attendants, etc. He refused the proffered honors, and so adroitly, that the king was compelled to accept his refusal, but he was an object of suspicion from that day forward. The king soon after insisted upon his prescribing for his horses, and Mr. Palgrave not professing any veterinary skill, and knowing the danger, declined; the king still commanded it, when Mr. Palgrave replied, with some

spirit: "Your Majesty must please to remember that, in this country, I am a doctor for asses and not for horses." As he had been prescribing for the king's own family, this reply was not well received by the monarch.

The king, from this time forward, showed Mr. Palgrave less favor, but there was no open rupture of friendly relations between them. Finally, however, an event occurred which obliged him to leave the country. He had treated a case of facial palsy of a very marked character with strychnine, applied externally, and was successful in curing the patient. His recovery was surprising to the people generally, as they had always believed such affections incurable. The king heard of it, and inquired at once of Mr. Palgrave what this wonderful drug was, and what were its properties; and desired him to give him some of it, that after he was gone some of his people might use it. Mr. Palgrave, feeling the danger of intrusting so powerful a drug to an ignorant man, endeavored to excuse himself from doing so, and incautiously explained that it was one of the most deadly poisons known. This roused the desire of the king to possess it, for he had powerful enemies in the court, and, among others, his own brother, of whom he wished to be rid, and being wholly unscrupulous, he was anxious to get possession of so potent a poison, with which to kill him. He, therefore, immediately, and in a most imperative tone, demanded that the traveler should furnish him some of it. Palgrave feigned not to understand what he meant, and replied: "I am afraid you would not know how to use it, nor understand the proper proportions." The king did not press the matter farther that day, but brought it up the next day, and the next, insisting, finally, that he must and would have it. This persistency provoked Mr. Palgrave, who told him very firmly and positively that he would never give him a grain of it. He still insisted; and Mr. Palgrave, looking him in the face, said: "Abd-Allah! I know perfectly well what you want it for, and I don't want to be your accomplice in what you will have to

answer for before God's judgment-seat, nor to be charged with the crimes you will be charged with. You shall never have it." The king was greatly enraged, but with true Arab self-possession, he made no reply, and Mr. Palgrave soon went to his lodgings, satisfied that he had made the king his bitter enemy. Three days after, at night, the king sent for him. He went at once, and saluted the king, who answered his salutation very coldly, and told him to sit down. He did so, and looking round, saw that most of those in the room were either openly or secretly his bitter enemies. The king addressed him at once, saying: "I know perfectly well what your real object is; it is not medicine, nor any thing of the kind; you are really a revolutionist. You come here against our government and against our religion. You know the penalty is death, and I shall put the law in force against you, and have you executed without delay." Palgrave was neither deficient in courage nor self-possession, and he felt that boldness was the only means of preservation left him. He, therefore, looked at the king, apparently unmoved, and merely said, with a tone of slight contempt, "Beg pardon of God!" a phrase common in the East, and implying that the person to whom it is addressed has said something very foolish, for which he should crave the Divine pardon. The king looked surprised, and said: "Why?" Mr. Palgrave replied, "How could you kill me? You dare not." He asked: "Why can't I? Why dare I not?" "Because," replied Mr. Palgrave, "I am your guest; have been lodged in your house; have been employed by yourself, and as such I am known to every body in the town, and looked up to by every body in the town, even by you. *You* talk of putting me to death! It is perfectly ridiculous! You can not do it, and you dare not." The king replied that it might be done without its being known that he did it, and that he had the means if he chose. "No," said Mr. Palgrave, "you can not even do that." "Why?" asked the king. "Because," said Mr. Palgrave, "there are several sitting here who have heard what

you say; they have tongues, and they will talk about it. I will take care, meanwhile, to let every body know what you have said to me to-night, and if any thing happens to me, in the whole region which lies between this town and the Persian Gulf, it will be known who has done it. Your brother will be the first to know it." This brother, as we have said, was his deadly enemy, and the one whom he most wished to kill. He was very nearly as powerful as the king. After some more conversation in the same style, by which the king was evidently somewhat appalled, Mr. Palgrave withdrew to his lodgings, and with his companions and guide made preparations to leave Riadh. They remained, however, three days longer, attending to the sick of the poor and middle classes, and at the hour of evening prayer, on the third day, November twenty-fifth, mounted their camels, and were far out in the country and at night, before the king knew of their departure. Avoiding the large towns, though they saw at a little distance two very pleasant ones, Manfuleh and Solemieh, they concealed themselves in the small valley of Yamanieh, and their guide, who had been obliged to leave them for a few days, rejoining them, they passed eastward through fine, well-watered plains, till the first of December, 1862, when they reached the confines of the Dohur Desert, an offshoot of the great southern desert of Ahkaf. This Dohur Desert is a somewhat elevated plateau, two days' journey across, and descending rather abruptly on its eastern slope. Having crossed this, they entered the town of Hofhuf, which is defended by a strong citadel called Kot. This is in the province of Hasa, the richest and most populous of the Wahabite provinces, having a climate almost like that of India. Here are workers in metals of great repute, makers of swords of excellent quality, and other steel articles, inlaid with gold and silver; and textile fabrics of good quality and in large quantities are manufactured. Three days' journey from Hofhuf brought them to El Khatef, on the Persian Gulf, a beautiful town surrounded by a network of rivers and buried in an interminable

succession of gardens. Taking boat here, Mr. Palgrave crossed the Persian Gulf twice, and finally entered the kingdom of Onian, and on the third of March, 1863, visited Sohur, its ancient capital. This kingdom of Onian is the territory represented in most of our books as that governed by the Imaum of Muscat, the name of the present capital being given by foreigners to the country. Coasting south-eastward from Sohur, they were shipwrecked on the ninth near Watiejyeh, and only nine out of twenty-five persons on board the vessel were saved. Mr. Palgrave and his companions, though in a most forlorn condition, visited the Sultan of Muscat at his country palace, near Watiejyeh, and were received with great kindness. On the tenth, they crossed the Jebel Akhdar, difficult mountain spurs, and reached Muscat that evening. Remaining in that city and vicinity for twelve days, they proceeded up the Persian Gulf, being very sick on their route with fever and delirium, and arrived in Bagdad on the nineteenth of April, and journeying thence, reached Beirut on the eleventh of July.

In the kingdom of Onian, and the Wahabite provinces on its border, Mr. Palgrave found very little Mohammedanism. The greater part of the inhabitants were fire-worshippers and worshipers of the sun, not like the Parsees, with whom he was acquainted, for they had no priesthood, and no idea of the two principles of good and evil, Ormuzd and Ahriman, but, as he believed, the descendants of the old Sabæans. He was present at one of their festivals, which occur on the first day of the month. They lighted fires upon sacred peaks and mountains, danced around them, worshiped them, and prayed to them. Among some of these people in the interior, he found that, except at morning and evening, (when they prayed to the disk of the rising or setting sun) they prayed with their faces turned toward the north, and that they gave to the north star the name which in the Scriptures is spoken of as the incommunicable title of Jehovah, the name JAH. The reason they assigned for this was, that it was the

only fixed point in the heavens, around which the rest of the universe seemed to turn.

Mr. Palgrave also discovered some relics of what seemed to be Druidism, or possibly of the temples of that race of giants who formerly inhabited the Haurân in Central and Southern Arabia. In the Kasim (the vast plain extending southward from the Jebel Salma) he found two enormous blocks of stone set on end and crossed by a third, so high that he rode under them on the back of his camel, while other blocks standing around formed the segment of a circle, as at Stonehenge, and many lay scattered in the vicin-

ity. The average height of these blocks was twelve or fourteen feet. Similar ruins were described to him as existing in other provinces of Nejed, and also in Onian.

Such are a few of the most striking points in a narrative of geographical discovery, which has hardly been equaled in interest in modern times. We learn, as we go to press, that Mr. Palgrave has yielded to the solicitation of his friends, and prepared for publication the history of his journeyings, which is soon to appear from the English press of Messrs. MacMillan & Co. It can not fail to excite great interest.

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

PART I.

FROM the land of shadows
Haste, oh ! haste away !
Where the weary pilgrim goeth
O'er a desert way ;
Where the burning salt tear floweth
Over earth's decay ;
Where the Foe forever soweth
Sorrows by the way ;
Where the wasted temple showeth
Scattered locks and gray ;
Where the subtle Tempter streweth
Poisons all the way ;
Where the storm-wind ever bloweth
The life-bark astray ;
Where the devotee adareth
Senseless gods of clay ;
Where the heedless sinner throweth
His life-pearl away ;
Where the cock his warning croweth,
"Wrestle, watch, and pray ;"
Where abroad Abaddon goeth
Soul of man to slay ;
Where the deadly nightshade groweth
In the open day ;
Where the sun most brightly gloweth
In his setting ray ;
Where relentless Time still moweth
Brightest hopes away ;
Where Death's boatman ever roweth
Over Life's dark bay ;
Where the mortal dweller knoweth
Long he may not stay :
From the land of shadows
Haste, oh ! haste away !

PART II.

To the land of spirits
Come, oh ! come away !
Where the joyous pilgrim goeth
O'er a golden way ;
Where clear music ever floweth
Through eternal day ;
Where the Friend forever soweth
Pleasures by the way ;
Where no wasted temple showeth
Scattered locks and gray ;
Where the guardian angel streweth
Balm-leaves all the way ;
Where no storm-wind ever bloweth
The life-bark astray ;
Where the holy soul adareth
Christ's exalted sway ;
Where no glad possessor throweth
His life-pearl away ;
Where no cock his warning croweth,
"Wrestle, watch, and pray ;"
Where abroad Uriel goeth
In Love's sweet array ;
Where the thornless rose-bud groweth
In serenest May ;
Where the sun forever gloweth
With effulgent ray ;
Where God's flowers that Time moweth
Angels store away ;
Where Death's boatman never roweth
O'er Aidenn's tranquil bay ;
Where the immortal dweller knoweth
Evermore he'll stay :
To the land of spirits
Come, oh ! come away !

NOBODY'S HEROES.

I do not know why they were married. Even the villagers never knew, and they had carved out for her a destiny. It would be difficult to define it, but certainly it was something very grand, something mysteriously gothic, filled with grandeur of arch and brilliant with colorings, such as the sunlight alone can create, but this destiny fell one day, and I write of the ruin that it left.

He was simple-minded, single-hearted, and unknown.

It is true that his bodily presence was familiar in the town where it had grown from infancy to manhood; but I repeat, the man was unknown—his soul wandered among men, unrecognized of any.

By permission of "the honored general court," had been built, on the highest plain within the town two hundred years ago, a "meeting-house." That house, with its seven "pillars," had passed away, the meeting-house into ruins, and its "seven pillars," we will trust, into the heavens.

On the same plain and the same site another building had been dedicated to the worship of the Unseen. The "seven pillars," removed into the heavens, were represented by four deacons on the day when lake and river were fast asleep and earth royally ermined for the coming Christmas, and the church-doors were opened to receive a bridal party.

Winter's wintriest blast swept up the aisles.

It was a solemn little gathering, not a joyful occasion one would have thought, and why? Because the bride was about to descend from her position as the pride of the village for beauty and for all accomplishments, and marry this man.

Her destiny had fallen, for surely he, this man, simple-minded and single-hearted, would never rear palaces for her; indeed, it was very doubtful whether or not he could plant even one rose in the garden of her life.

The village people were disappointed.

It would have been cheering to them had a mysterious voice uttered words forbidding the ceremony; but no voice was there save that of the minister, and the bride heard it and the bridegroom heard it, and of two it made one, and that one, of all the throng, alone was happy.

Bitter, bitter was the disappointment in the home of the bride and throughout the town. Surely her bright destiny had fallen into ruin. She had married—Nobody.

They are no wonders to me, those old pictures of older stories, wherein are angels rejoicing in every feature over human sorrows; that which seems to be sorrow is sometimes joy, and the angels see and know this. And this picture, in the plain meeting-house of bride and bridegroom, standing before the "communion-table" was one of sorrow, for behold the bitter tears that are shed there. There are no visible angels in the picture, but the face of the bride is as one, as she departs from the altar of her vow.

He was a farmer. His farm lies on the distant highlands, and sweeps over yonder wooded tracts down to the river's quiet flow. And could *she* love him, this quiet, simple man—she who had lived as an idol in society, who had been sought for her beauty, for her many accomplishments of mind and manner? "No," said worldly wisdom. "No," said the villagers; and she alone did know.

The years went by. The farm rolled its broad acres farther down the stream, and spread itself over the hills more and more, with every year that came.

And children were there. Of the number, a lame child, who seemed led by an invisible angel, so pearly and true were its words and ways. If she were unhappy, no one ever knew it.

One day, it was when earth was weary with the work of the year and wore its autumnal dressing-gown, while waiting for the rest of winter, that he went home.

There was a cloud upon his face, and she saw it.

"What is it?" she simply asked. "You will tell me."

Of course he would; did ever true man have a sorrow that he told not to true woman? We think not, and a pity it is, such a pity that verily we believe angelic eyes grow dewy with the sight, that there is so little *trueness* upon the earth.

And he told her his story, quietly putting away the children and drawing her head to its place of peace, that so there might be nothing between them, that he might share fully her sorrow, for it was her sorrow.

How simply he told it, covering it with the mist of his own dear love that it might not strike her down, that he might stand between his wife and suffering. The story, I can not tell it as he told it. I can only give you the world's version. She had an only brother, who had never forgiven her for marrying Nobody, who never had entered her farmer-husband's house, who not once had taken a child of theirs in his arms, who spurned even the afflicted one. This brother, so proud, whose sense of honor had been so severely wounded by the marriage of his sister, forgot himself surely when he put his hand to forge another's name, that money might follow the deed; and money came of it, and sorrow and suffering. Her father had met with sore losses in the cruel year of 1857, and being past the working-time of life, had never retrieved his fortunes. There was little left to him beyond the plain old homestead of two generations, who had passed in peace and honor from its doors to lie under the green hillocks that men build in country "burying-grounds."

That very day it had been told her father that his only son would be arrested for forgery. The name forged was that of one who had worshiped in other days at the shrine of the brilliant beauty of the village. Whether the worship had been true or false, she had not known, but that mysterious voice that says, without speech, words that will be heard, had whispered "False!" to her, and she received not the worshiper.

She listened to the words her husband spoke, and then she asked: "Can we not do something? Is there no way to purchase happiness for the few days that are left to father and mother? I can not bear to see them mourn for my brother, in prison."

"There is a way," he said; "I have taken it. The note forged, and on which the money has been obtained, is for thousands that can be paid only in one way. The terms are offered me by the man whose name has been used, which will purchase freedom for your brother and silence toward the world."

Her dear, beautiful face blossomed with gladness and hope as she listened to the words, but a sudden blight blanched cheek and lip as she heard the condition.

He went on quickly, anxious to have the story told.

"The old homestead is to be his when your father and mother are gone, and beside the deed of that, my whole farm must be encumbered by a mortgage, to be redeemed in a certain time."

"You must not put a weight upon your farm; it is *our* trouble, *our* shame, not yours; your acres must not be alienated for the dishonor of my brother."

"Is not my wife mine? Are not her sorrows my sorrows? Can I see you mourning because your father and mother are going down to death with a wail of dishonor sounding in their ears? No; I will go at once; there shall be no delay; hinder me not, lest it be too late;" and almost rudely he put her from him, this simple-minded Nobody, and went out.

It was done. With trembling fingers the old man put on paper the signs that gave to another the home of his fathers, at such time as his feet should walk in it no longer. His son-in-law witnessed the deed, and carried it to the new owner.

Then followed the long mortgage-deed that covered carefully in its detail every acre that the farmer possessed, the interest to be paid annually, in advance. The terms were hard, but through them would come peace of mind, that mighty boon, for which so heavy a price is paid.

It was all over at nightfall, and the

deeds were left for record. When he went home, the children felt that a beam of trouble had been built into their house, for the first time, that day. They had not heard the sound of hammer or stroke on nail, but they knew that the carpenter had been there.

The months came and went until the circle of the year had rounded itself, and, in that circle, came the fall of Sumter.

We all know the echoes that rolled through the land and beat themselves full of sound against the ocean on either hand. The loud reverberations rolled over the little village where they lived, and they heard it, my Nobody and his beautiful wife.

Now he was not a hero at war's alarms. I am afraid you will despise him, but I must tell you the truth. He was no warrior of the sword, and when the call came for three score and ten thousand to stand a barrier for all the land, he did not hasten to be one. He would gladly have foreborne the honor and staid at home.

Two years! How old in war we had grown; we could talk about it in words of two or more syllables! We really believed that the sight of the "Federal blue" had always been familiar, it had so grown into our vision in two short years. Those years had been eventful to him and to her.

The children who had made the acres of the farm seem but a garden, so oft had their feet gone to and fro through them, numbered less by two than when the trouble came.

Two were gone, and two were left. The grandfather and grandmother still lived in the homestead, hearing at intervals from their son, who went away to hide his evil name from among those who had known his boyhood.

The two children went to the heaven that the Scripture telleth us lies just above the firmament, when the spring-time came. Through long watching and sleepless nights, passed in aching agony over their sufferings, the father became ill.

It was just in the busiest time of the year, when a few days' delay in seed-planting was of the utmost importance;

and the days went by, and the seeds were yet stored in the granary by reason of his illness.

He recovered, but from that hour events seemed to gather themselves together to crush him. Farms adjoining his on the hill-sides were green with the promise of coming ripeness, when the seed-blades could but just be seen above the soil on his fields.

When the time of harvest came, his crops were less in quantity and inferior in quality. Not one third of the yield of former years was gathered into his barns; and yet how cheerful he was, how royally he guarded his slightest word, lest its shadow should fall on her!

The annual interest must be met, and the time for its payment drew near. The crops that had been stored were insufficient to meet the demand, and when affairs were at the lowest ebb, two misfortunes visited them.

On the time of "fifty-seven," he had, to do a kindness, become security for a friend who was in temporary distress, never thinking that more would be required than the simple writing of his name; but the friend died, and the note became the property of the mortgageholder, who demanded its payment. The same night on which the demand was made, the lame child laid her head on her mother and said: "I am sick."

This illness may have been a blessing: it prevented the mother from regarding the worn look of wasting care that had grown into her husband's face since morning; or, if she noticed it, it was under the belief that it was only anxiety for their darling that was written there; and thus the night-hours rolled away amid watching and waiting for the day to dawn.

I am proud of him now, my single-hearted man, as he walks on, never pausing for an instant to hesitate or consider; he is going in the early morning to ask mercy of him who seems to hold their destinies in his hand. There is no hope of success in his heart, but the act lies like a duty in his pathway, and he presses to perform it.

You will remember that I have written that she was a true woman ; therefore, he never knew that he had won more than silver, or gold, or lands, from him of whom he would ask mercy. That mercy was not granted.

I know that you will think him deficient in all business ability so to have encumbered his lands, but I have not written him able, or a hero ; and he went his way, having been denied, with a heart heavier than yours will be, I trust, at any point in your life ; went back to the place where his helpless child lay moaning in unconscious pain. All that day the autumnal wind moaned about the child, and the heart of the father was vibrating with a stronger, mightier power than the God of winds sends to shake his forests.

There was but one way of escape left open, and when the first glance of its red portal burst on his sight, every atom of his nature shrank back in open revolt. He could not, no, he would not, except at his country's need, and her sorest need, go forth to battle ; no, not to win the fairest laurels that ever shaded a conqueror's brow from too much glory, would he take human life. This man, with woman's tenderness in his heart, who hid his eyes lest tears should be seen in them when life must be taken from the smallest of God's creatures ; and yet this door to the army of the United States stood open before him, as the only avenue of escape, the only barrier that upheld his wife and children from penury.

The child ceased her moans as the night of that long day began, and he left her to her mother's care and went forth to his first battle. Not one word had been spoken of the new trouble to his wife. She watched on, in blissful ignorance of the hovering events that were so soon to fall upon them.

The wind that had blown so fiercely all the day had gathered in a storm, the first drops of which began to fall as he went out. It was very dark, no moon, no stars, no gleaming jets of gas to light up his face to passers-by. So he held his hat in his hands and let the rain-drops beat upon his head, but they could

not cool the agony that beat in upon his heart. Do you think it was nothing to this man, the thought of enlisting, with no martial element in his nature, with all the strong vibrant forces of his being concentrated within the narrow circle of his home ?

In his wandering, he came upon the little church wherein he had been married almost ten years before. The rain was beating upon it, upon step and porch, and in at the open vestibule. Every event of that day came back to him, and he saw her as she was on that December morning when he met her at the door in her youth and beauty ; and he saw her as he had just left her, bending above the pillow of their suffering child ; and all the love of all the years that had intervened gathered in his heart, and thus his battle with himself had end. The victory was won ; for her dear sake he would go forth even to the duties of the camp and the field.

From the little church-door he turned homeward. The homestead that he had saved for her father and mother lay in his way. As he passed by, the window-shades were not drawn down, and, looking in, he saw the grandfather of his children warming his hands before the ruddy blaze of the fire that he knew his own hands had served to light.

He lingered a moment, looking in at the picture of his father-in-law, and in that moment her mother entered the room. She too must have been beautiful in her youth, for she was almost saintly in her age. She looked around the room, and seemed to take in, in that look, all its ruddy light and warmth, and a heart-glow, caught from memories of early love and infant-voices, and the sound of many feet forever gone, suffused her face. She went up to her husband and stood an instant by his side ; it was only an instant, and the words she spoke were not heard, but he, stooping, encircled her in his arms and bent his stately head to rest it on hers.

"It is to give them this ; to keep alive the memory of all that has been so beautiful in life ; that they may love each other

until death shall part them, that I go forth," thought the son-in-law, as he went out from the shelter of the wide porch into the drenching rain again. The sight that his eyes had seen had strengthened his soul for the great endeavor, and his spirit seemed borne aloft, lifted above all mortal considerations, when, a half-hour later, he was admitted into the presence of the man who held his acres under the iron band called mortgage.

"I have come to say that I accept the proposition you made to me this morning, with its condition, that I should enter the service of the United States," he proudly said. "I refused it when made, but considerations press me to decide otherwise."

If my simple-minded man had seen the gleam that burst up through the traitorous depths of the mortgagee's eyes, he would have clung to his own hearth-stone, though it had been a thousand times wrested from him; but he was just then unconscious of every outward event, being encircled by the atmosphere created from the conflict with himself, and its glory shone, completely eclipsing every lesser light.

"I will even double the offer I made to you this morning, and will give you five years from the time of your return for the redemption of your farm; meanwhile your affairs will be safe from all the changes that are coming upon us every day ——"

He could hear no more, *again* the price must be paid, but he would not listen to the ring of the gold, and he left the man with the gleaming eyes, and went homeward, wondering at the newly-developed patriotism that would abate one dollar, to add another to the list of the country's defenders.

The child had fallen asleep, and still above it bent, as if she had not moved since he went out, its mother, and there, in whispers and low sobs, that told of foam breaking on heart-shores, he told her *all* his story, and she answered as the storm-driven bird of the sea an-

swers, with a moan that never finds echo from earthly shore. It was there, in the midnight hour, that she kept the vow uttered in the meeting-house years before; it was there that heart and soul went up in perfect gratitude to the Wonderful Giver *for the existence of this man*. I think that he suffused her in the glory of his deed, for she permitted him to depart without one word, save that of brightest cheer. He is Nobody's Hero, and therefore his name and regiment are matters of nobody's interest.

"You will come back to me," were the last words she said.

"Papa, if I die before you come home to mamma, you won't forget me, up in heaven, will you? I shall *so* want to come and see when you come home," said the lame child; while baby put up his lips, proud to be a soldier's boy, and plucking with all his might at the few bright buttons that told of drops of glory that might be won; and swept on by fate, cheered on by wifely words and smiles, he left his acres and went forth to do battle.

From that moment his faith was pledged to his country. I know not what awoke in his heart all the simple-minded, single-hearted integrity that made him worthy of true woman's love, made him true to his country, for whose faithful service he had given his pledge.

The first snow had fallen when the soldier left his acres for the wide field of warfare. The winter, with its many storms and its days of paralyzing cold, lay before her and the two children, when she closed the house-door that shut him away from her.

Shall I tell you what she did when he was gone? Before the hills hid him from her sight, she gathered the lame child and the infant to her arms, and, on the carpet, before the blazing fire that could dance and trill its flames, careless of her grief, she sobbed and wept, until God sent an angel to comfort her. The angel who comes and bears a message, voiceless to all other ears, whispered some word of seraphic consolation, to which her

soul listened; for her tears passed away, and, if she had been suffused by the glory of her husband's deed, she now became

radiant with a new light. From that moment she never paused one instant in her work.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

IN reading the story of a desolation like this, at once moral and material, the thoughtful student will sometimes ask himself how it came to pass that any thing survived; that the very germs of a future civilization, of a Germany such as we now behold, were not quite and forever trodden out. All who have intimately studied the history of these times acknowledge how much was here owing to the church. The glimpses which we obtain of the Lutheran and Reformed clergy, at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, do not always present them to us in a very attractive point of view. They were contentious, word-warriors, over-prompt to discern a heretic, in their theological disputes with one another or with Romanists frightfully abusive, not a little given to domineer over consciences. But it must be owned that in this time of extreme trial they came nobly forth. I would not for an instant imply that the Roman Catholic priesthood were not as true to their flocks as the Protestant to theirs; but they were not at all so much addicted to writing and publishing; and consequently have left far fewer records behind them.

Of the Protestant clergy, several have bequeathed to us curious, and some very touching records of their own experiences during the war. Depending in part on free-will offerings, in part on such as it was easy to withhold, they were among the first to feel the utter impoverishment of the land, with the ever-increasing lawlessness and contempt of every obligation which went hand in hand with this; and the bitterest poverty, hunger, and nakedness were the portion of many among them. Then, too, while all the weak and

helpless and unarmed were exposed to terrible outrage, there were none so fitted to concentrate the uttermost of all this upon themselves as the clergy of the Reformed Faith. Yet there are no signs of any consequent shrinking upon their parts from their posts of duty and of danger—many signs to the contrary. Entries in the church-books of many a parish, which may be read to this present day, attest how manfully they stood by their people, oftentimes till the whole congregation had melted away and disappeared. When the bells were carried off, they went round and summoned their flock to public prayer by word of mouth; when the church was burnt down, or so wrecked and defiled as to be unfit for divine offices, they brought them together in barns, in open fields, or in the deep recesses of the forest; and only ceased their ministry when, as frequently would happen, there actually remained no people to whom to minister any more.

There is scarcely one of the eminent theologians of Germany belonging to this time whom we do not find, when we become acquainted at all with his personal history, to have been burnt out of house and home, perhaps more than once; and sometimes with extreme personal danger and distress; chased at the least from his parish or his professor's chair, to wander for long years a fugitive and an exile through the land. Thus John Gerhard, the author of the greatest dogmatic work of the post-Reformation Lutheran theology, who, high in court favor, must have had more to lose than could have been the lot of his brethren in general, had his farms devastated and burnt, and all the cattle swept away by his Lutheran co-religionists, the Swedes; and when a little later the Imperialists entered Jena, his house

was by them stript well-nigh bare. All this, however, was little by comparison with what others went through.

I will relate to you here some passages in the life of John Valentine Andreä, an admirable Lutheran divine, and one of the most original writers in Germany; "a rose among thorns" Herder calls him, who did much to revive his well-nigh forgotten name among his fellow-countrymen. The loss of the battle of Nordlingen, (1636) where the Swedish arms suffered so disastrous an overthrow, brought miseries unutterable on Würtemberg. Calw, a small but flourishing town, where Andreä exercised his ministry, was thoroughly plundered by a robber army under a notorious partisan, John de Wirth, and then set on fire; all the outlets having first been carefully stopped, that so the inhabitants might perish, as large numbers of them did, in the flames. Andreä indeed, with his family, having fled before the arrival of the enemy, escaped this doom. They wandered for several days and nights in the neighboring woods and fields, together with a multitude of hungry, naked, and starving, in like evil case with themselves—with difficulty concealing themselves from bands of soldiers, who everywhere were hunting the fugitives to kill them.

When the first fury of the assault had spent itself a little, he returned to find his own home, with the chief part of the city, in ashes, all that he possessed, which included a valuable library, consumed, and an enemy in occupation, as he continued to be for years, of the ruins which remained. Sheltering himself in a wretched hovel in the suburbs, surrounded with the dying and the dead, (for there, as elsewhere, pestilence had followed hard on the heels of famine, as famine on the heels of war) he addressed himself almost single-handed to the bringing of some order out of the hideous disorder round him, to the office of a comforter, where all around him was comfortless despair. Cut off from all intercourse with friends at a distance who might have helped him, with no means of his own, he yet got together, by prayers and entreaties and reproaches,

food and medicine and some sort of attendance for the sick; established an Orphans' Home for a multitude of desolate children, and when this was full, persuaded such of the citizens as had saved any thing to take others into their houses, bringing all of them daily together for school and worship; pleaded with the hostile authorities for the ill-fated city; reminded the weak prince of the land of duties which still remained for him to perform; sought to maintain such church discipline as was possible amid the dissolution of the ties which held society together, the demoralization at once of laity and clergy which was advancing with ever more rapid strides. The only minister of God's word and sacraments who survived—for two others had been carried off by the pestilence—he brought to the dying the consolations of the Gospel, and within a few months himself followed to their graves with the last offices of the church some seven hundred of his fellow-citizens, whom the same pestilence had swept away. The tide of success, when it again turned in favor of the Protestants, at first brought to him and his no relief, but rather an aggravation of ill; for flying bands of Imperialists passing through the city, enraged by defeat, and now quitting it forever, made a second sweep of all which had escaped the first wreck, or had since been painfully got together; and on this second occasion, Andreä had again to fly, and barely escaped with his life.

The records which others have left behind them want the dignity which this story of Andreä possesses, the narrators being more occupied in recording their own sufferings than how they sought to alleviate the sufferings of others. Such is the character of a curious autobiography which a poor country parson, Bötzingen by name, has left. Take a very brief summary of what he passed through in a single day. Certainly it was one of his worst days; but many others were nearly, and some perhaps quite as full of outrage and wrong as this was. Having fled from Heldburg before a party of Imperial cavalry, he, too, wandered under very much the same distressing conditions as Andreä

had done, in the neighboring woods for several days. After a while, encouraged by the fortunate event which attended the attempt of others, he resolves to return and secure, if possible, some three hundred dollars, which he has concealed against an evil day under the floor of his house, and which, in the terror of his first flight, he had not ventured to carry with him. Scarcely has he slept within the gates, when some troopers, who had been evidently on the watch, lay hold upon him, and at once set him to fodder and water their horses. Defeated in an attempt to evade his captors, he is this time well beaten with swords and bandoliers, fast tied with ropes, and so carried round the city that he may point out the houses of the richer inhabitants, which as such might repay a more thorough scrutiny and overturning for the discovery of any hid valuables concealed in them; among others, he is carried to his own, where he sees lying empty on the floor the copper vessel which had contained his little treasure, and learns to what small profit he has run into the lion's jaws. Refusing to betray any, he receives a cut over the head from a cutlass, which, as it covered him with blood, might have rendered superfluous another, to prove whether he was "fast," that is, invulnerable, as many were supposed, through compact with the devil, to be. Twice within an hour the Swedish Drink, made more disgusting than common, is forced down his throat, all the teeth in his head being loosened in his attempts to resist it. At length his tormentors resolve to drown him, but at the same time to have some sport in the drowning. Flinging him into the river, one holding the rope which bound his feet, and another that which was fastened round his left arm, they drag him up and down until they are weary; they then let go the ropes, calculating that he is so exhausted as that he must sink at once. Borne by the current beyond their reach, (I do not quite understand the localities, but a mill on the river serves him in good stead) he cuts the cords by the aid of a small penknife which he has managed to retain, his tormentors the mean while with sticks and

tiles and brickbats endeavoring to complete their work. For four or five hours he hides among some willow bushes in the stream; and then at nightfall crawls away with a body so bruised and swollen that, although the road was strewn with articles of dress, the castaway wreck and plunder of the day, for some of which he would fain have exchanged his own torn and soaking garments, he is quite unable to stoop and pick them up; must indeed have his own clothes cut off from him by one who affords him at length the shelter of a night. Such is a brief abridgment of one of poor Bötzingen's days; there are others, as I have said, nearly as bad, in some respects worse; nor is there any reason to doubt that many a *Dorf-prediger* could have told a story of cruelty and outrage which would quite have equaled his.

And yet, with all this, one fact is most notable, as a sign of the temper in which this great tribulation was met by those who had to drink of its cup of pain deeper perhaps than any other. This I mean, namely, that very many, and these among the most glorious compositions in the hymn-book of Protestant Germany, date from the period of the Thirty Years' War. "Many men," as a poet of our own has said,

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong,

And learn in suffering what they teach in song."

So was it here; and as this was a time full of suffering and wrath and wrong, so was it also a time when sacred song, which since Luther had shown comparatively little vitality, burst forth in a new luxuriance; and, most notable of all, is rich not so much, as one might have expected, in threnes and lamentations, *Misereres* and cries *de profundis*, (though these also are not wanting) as in *Te Deums* and *Magnificats*, hymns of high hope and holy joy, rising up from the darkness of this world to the throne of Him "who giveth songs in the night," and enables his servants to praise him even in the fires—some among the chief sufferers, Paul Gerhard, for instance, and Schirmer, (the German

Job as he called himself, with allusion to all that he had gone through) being the chief lyrists as well.*

How was it possible, some will ask, that this conflict should have continued so long; that while we in England managed in some four years to get through our great cotemporary struggle, this should have dragged on its horrid length for the entire lifetime of a generation, and ceased rather from an absolute impossibility to carry it on any longer than from any other cause? That it probably would take this course, the statesmanlike vision of Gustavus Adolphus had anticipated from a very early date. In a letter to Oxenstiern, bearing date June second, 1630, that is, eighteen years before the end—"It seems to me," he writes, "that this whole war will draw out into length, and will be finished rather *tædio et morâ* than *impetu*."

Its original purpose, namely, the suppression of the Protestant faith; and as the Emperor, but by no means all his allies, had hoped, with this an immense increase of the central Imperial authority, a recovery of all which for some centuries had been slipping away from its grasp, this had manifestly become hopeless from the period of the victories of Gustavus—that is, ere it had half run its course. By this time, however, it was not free to those who had begun to leave off with a confession of the futility of their attempt. Other interests were now engaged; other objects had risen up before the combatants. There were also other combatants. What was at first a German had become a European question.

It was harder still to leave off, when it became only too evident that, as far as Germany was concerned, nobody was to be a winner, but all to be losers alike; that, in addition to all the lives, and all the wealth, and all the well-being, which had been flung into the bottomless pit of war, and there lost forever, new sacrifices of money, of territory, of influence, had still to be made as the only price of

peace—those whom her weakness had encouraged and allowed, refusing to quit their grasp, until she had compensated them for all they had inflicted upon her. Herein her case was a hard one. It was wittily likened by Calixtus, one of her most celebrated divines, to that of a burgher of Leipsic, over whose head a Swedish soldier broke his sword, and then sued him for the price of the weapon which he had broken. This in small was indeed very much the case of Germany in large. There were many moments indeed when peace might have been made; but these profited nothing, when at each such opportunity those who for the moment had the better counted that it was folly to pause in the career of victory, and the worsted that it was baseness not to endeavor to repair their fortunes by another effort; when the winners would not rise from the table because they hoped that their present good fortune would continue to attend them, and that they might win all; and the losers because they trusted by some turn of fortune to repair the losses which they had sustained.

What was the character of the claims, what sort of compensation was expected from her, you will best be able to judge when I mention that among the items of the bill presented by the Swedes, and without the payment of which they were resolved not to loosen their hold on the land, that which they put still in the forefront was the death of their great king, they not merely being willing but demanding to have this loss assessed and expressed in rix dollars. Of the five millions of crowns which by the Treaty of Westphalia it was agreed should be wrung out of the exhausted land and paid to the Swedish army, a part, I do not know how much, was meant to represent this loss.

Those, however, who had sat down to the game, thinking to sweep the board, could ill endure to rise up from it, not merely winning nothing, but having incurred an enormous loss. Almost any thing seemed better than to acknowledge this as the issue of all. For indeed many a war, and this among them, has dragged on its miserable length for years after the

* See Das Evangelische Trostlied um die Zeit des Dreissigjährigen Krieges, von D. C. Roosen. Dresden, 1862.

objects with which it was commenced were clearly unattainable; because those on whom the responsibility of having begun it lay have shrunk in their pride from owning that the objects of the war were impossible from the first; that it was therefore a most hideous mistake ever to have commenced it; that all the treasure and all the blood which it had cost had been lavished utterly in vain. Better to go forward, to pour more treasure, more blood into the ever-yawning gulf, to hope against all hope for some unlooked-for turn of fortune which should yet justify the past, than to make so terrible a confession as this.

Then, too, one of the worst consequences of a protracted war is that there grows up in it a generation to which war has become a second nature—which has never known any other life but that of rapine and violence and sword-law, to which the blessings of peace are unknown, the very name of peace, with all the restraints which it will impose on their savage and brutal natures, is hateful. So was it here. We have authentic accounts of the fierce indignation with which the tidings that peace was at length signed were received by the armies, as by men who accounted that they had acquired a vested right to go on spoiling and robbing forever. They had become by this time a class by themselves, with interests of their own; in fact, armed nations camping in the midst of an unarmed.* And though gathered under hostile banners, they were agreed in this, that they alike regarded this wretched unarmed population as their prey. In some sort they understood one another. They would fight indeed, if brought face to face; but with no deadly

animosity, and as those who, on this side to-day, might be on the opposite to-morrow, and whose common trade in blood constituted a certain bond between them. It was indeed one of the ugliest features of the war that the cruelty and ferocity of the soldiery was not so much for one another—many stately courtesies would pass between *them*—but was all or nearly all reserved for the weak and the helpless, for the citizen and the peasant, the woman and the child.

Then further, when we are asking ourselves how the war could have continued so long, no doubt in its later periods the very exhaustion of Germany, being common to both sides, seriously contributed to this. On neither side was there strength enough remaining to strike a decisive blow. The armies became ever smaller, as it became ever more and more impossible either to recruit or to feed them, sometimes consisting nearly or altogether of cavalry, as the only troops who could even hope to gather the means of subsistence. The military operations became ever feebler and more desultory, the results ever more inconclusive, though the misery of the wretched inhabitants who survived did not therefore diminish. But there was not now strength enough left in the desolated land for any vigorous cry to ascend for peace. There were few to cry, and they felt the uselessness of crying. War had gone on so long, there seemed no reason why it should not go on forever. And thus, while in its earlier and middle period complaints, remonstrances, gradually deepening into voices of anguish, make themselves heard in a thousand flying leaves, pamphlets, and the like, for the last eight years there is nothing of the kind. A silence ghastlier than the wildest voices of pain and agony broods over the whole land, the silence of death and of an utter despair. It was not that it was suffering less; on the contrary, it was, if possible, suffering more; it was only that the woe had become speechless now.

When at length the end did arrive, when the diplomatists had settled their innumerable points of etiquette, some of

* We have a singular proof of the extent to which the armies were recognized as independent bodies, in the fact that they had their own representatives at Osnabruck and Munster, the two Westphalian cities where the negotiations for peace went forward. It was exactly as if, after Waterloo, there had been at Vienna representatives of the Duke of Wellington's army, of Blücher's, and of what remained of the French, as well as of England, Prussia, and France.

which had delayed the negotiations for months, almost for years together, and Germany sought to take account of her losses, it was not altogether impossible to form a rude and rough estimate of what her material losses had been. The statistics, as far as they were got together, tell a terrible tale. Of the population, it was found that three fourths, in some parts a far larger proportion, had perished. Thus in one group of twenty villages, which had not exceptionally suffered, eighty-five per cent, or four fifths of the population, had disappeared—Frederick the Great, by the way, thought it much that one in nine had been lost to Prussia during his great struggle; of the horses and large cattle, about the same proportion; while there, as throughout the whole of the country, the sheep had been wholly swept away. Of the houses, three fourths were destroyed; of those which remained standing, the greater part were in a ruinous condition. Large numbers had been unroofed by the inhabitants to avoid a tax which would have been otherwise levied upon them. The author to whom I am indebted for this statement, after a careful calculation, arrives at the conclusion that this district at the present day has just attained the population, the agricultural wealth, the productive powers which it had when the war commenced—that in fact in all these elements of prosperity it had been thrown back more than two hundred years.

We are wont not unfrequently to comfort ourselves in the contemplation of the huge and terrible waste of war with the thought that, deep as are the wounds which it inflicts, they presently heal again, and often leave not so much as a scar behind them; that the material damage which it brings with it is soon made good; while the discipline of pain through which it has caused a nation to pass has a most salutary influence on the after-development of a people's life—that it will have won a strength in war which will enable it to win the more blessed victories of peace, as it could never otherwise have won them. This no doubt is oftentimes most true. We have not sel-

dom to admire the recovery, almost inconceivably rapid, of a people from the wreck and ruin, the depopulation, the destruction of external prosperity, which a war has caused. But then, if it is to be thus, the wounds must not have been *too* deep, the vital energies must not have been wasted too far. Above all, a people, however worsted, must have come out with something of honor from the conflict; for nations as well as men live by the unseen: of a nation as of a man it may be asked, A wounded spirit who can bear? Exactly such a wounded spirit was here. Indeed it is not too much to say that the heart of Germany was broken; and no wonder—maimed, abridged, humiliated, as she was—herself having had the least voice in the settlement of her own dearest affairs; even those who had gained their point, namely the Protestants, having gained it far more by the arms of the stranger than their own; and not for a century did she even begin to be heart-whole again. The immense value to Germany of Frederick the Great and of Rossbach was that they gave her back that self-respect which for a dreary century intervening she had been without, and to want which is as disastrous for a nation as for a man.

And thus, from all these causes, so far from making good her losses in a few years, as did Prussia after the Seven Years' War, so far from the pulses of her life beating presently as strongly as ever, those who have studied the subject the deepest have no hesitation in declaring that in many ways Germany has never recovered the wounds which she then inflicted on herself, and invited others to inflict upon her; that the war destroyed much which has never revived again, left a feebleness behind it in many regions of the national life—above all, of the political life—such as will explain many of her shortcomings and deficiencies which at the present day are so painfully apparent; that many elements of civilization then perished, which have never since been recovered; that the line of the continuity of the nation's life was then snapped, and that the broken threads

have never been thoroughly reunited again. I believe they have perfect right in these conclusions of theirs. A terrible gulf lay between the present and the past. The whole manner of existence of the nation had become poorer, meaner than before.

It was evidently so in outward things. Every thing which could perish had perished. Where was now the carved oak furniture in the house of the boor, the heirloom of many generations? It had long ago supplied fuel for the bivouac, or been smashed in the mere lust of destruction. And the massive silver goblet? It had found its way into the knapsack of the Croat or the Swede. Where now the glorious village church, built when Gothic art was in its prime, with its musical peal of bells, its gorgeous windows of stained glass? Fenced round as almost all the churches of Germany were by a strong wall, it had invited ruin by its manifest fitness for a post of defense. Having been turned by one side or the other into an extempore fortress, it had been battered with artillery; or it had been burned or blown up, so to dislodge a party of the enemy who defended themselves to the last from the roof or tower—its place to be hereafter supplied by that type of poverty and meanness, the village country church of Germany as we behold it now.

Where too were now the festal gatherings, the great shooting-matches with arquebuse and cross-bow, which had been so frequent in the century preceding, when at the invitation of some wealthy city, offering rich prizes to the winners, and bounteous entertainment to all, the competitors from some fifty cities, far and near, would accept the challenge, and in friendly rivalry dispute for the mastery? Intermitted during the Great War, as it used to be called till it found a name by which now we know it, they were never resumed again. The cities, utterly impoverished, overwhelmed with debt, their chief citizens oftentimes chased away, never to return, dragged on for many a long year a feeble existence, which was rather a vegetation than a life, and had

no exuberant energies to bestow on contests like these. The whole municipal life, with all the picturesque ceremonial and rich symbolism which the Middle Ages had bequeathed to the modern world, and which in Germany had survived in strength until this time, now vanished forever. Commerce on a great scale was gone, and did not again return. It had been forced to find out other channels for itself, and there was neither wealth nor spirit in the land to bring it back into those old which it had forsaken.

Then too this entire prostration of the commercial cities, with the ruin of the smaller nobility or landed gentry, left the power of the Electors and smaller princes the only power that survived. There was at once an immense increase of this. The Estates ceased to be summoned any more, or languished into idlest forms, abdicating all those functions of assemblies of freemen which they had hitherto exercised. Not to belong to the court, not to hold some office from it—that court a petty and paltry imitation of the splendor and vices of Versailles, which was now the cynosure of all German eyes—this was to be nothing in one's own esteem or in the esteem of any other.

Frederick the Great paints in striking colors the moral anarchy to which the Seven Years' War had reduced many districts of Prussia, the taste for license which the temporary silence of the laws had engendered; the cruel hard-heartedness, the vile greed for gain, and the anarchic disorder which had succeeded to habits of mutual help, equity, and order.* But what could this have been to the moral wreck and ruin on an infinitely vaster stage which the Thirty Years' War must have left behind? It would be little to affirm that one whole generation had grown up amid the worst and wildest savagery which the modern world has seen; for, seeing that the future man is formed between the tenth and twentieth years of life, it would be far more just to affirm that *three* generations had

* Carlyle, *History of Frederick the Great*, vol. vi. p. 363.

received the stamp and impress of that evil time—high and low equally without culture, or the opportunities of culture, for the universities had been nearly deserted, some of them, as Jena and Helmstadt, absolutely closed during many years of the war, while the village-schools during its later years had in many regions, with the village population and the village itself, naturally gone out of existence altogether. The words which Schiller puts into the mouth of young Max Piccolomini too well describe the joyless youth, the education to all evil things, of such as sprung to manhood in this dreadful time:

"Life has charms

Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been

But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages;
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thieves'
landing.

Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, oh! nothing, nothing
Of that do we behold in our rude voyage!"

Three generations might have fitted these words to their lips; if only they, like the speaker, had felt their loss; which, unhappily, was the very thing which for the most part they did not; but rather had grown in love with all which they, like him, should have abhorred the most. Such had been the education of that remnant of the German people, to whom was now committed the task of restoring their wrecked and ruined land. Can we wonder if the restoration was slow and imperfect?

And all this shame and loss, this wrath and wrong, this Iliad of woes, Germany had drawn with no sort of necessity upon herself, had bred in her own bosom the monster which devoured her. It was not with her as with some land which could look proudly forth on devastated fields, burned cities, on the graves of her slaughtered children; for all these were the tokens of an heroic endurance, of liberty loved better than life, won, and not too

dearly, at the cost of all these sacrifices, or, even if not won, yet nobly and worthily wooed. Nothing of the kind. It needed only that Protestants and Roman Catholics should have been content to endure one another's nearness, to bear and forbear as they had managed to do for nearly a century, that they should have been content to abide by the compromises of the past, and nothing of all this need have arrived.

The sin, although in unequal proportions, was the sin of all. On Maximilian of Bavaria, and on his and the Emperor's Jesuit advisers, very much the largest share of this mountain of guilt must rest. But not by any means the whole. The Protestant princes, theologians, people, had all their share in it, and I should be untrue to my convictions if I did not say, a large share. I speak not now of the loveless temper in which the whole controversy with Rome had been carried on since the Reformation, and this on one side quite as much as the other, the endeavor upon each part to say whatever would gall and provoke the other the most; although the intense imbitterment of spirit which was thus created did very much to prepare the way for the war, to make it more hateful while it lasted, and harder to bring to a close. But leaving this aside, one must not shrink from saying of the Protestant princes, theologians, and people, with many noblest exceptions, that except for their time-serving, manifest unwillingness to dare all for the truth's sake, wretched divisions among themselves, biting and devouring of one another, readiness to forsake the common cause and patch up an ignominious private peace on their own account, the conflict might never have arisen, or having arisen would certainly never have assumed the vast proportions which it did assume, or have endured long enough to acquire for itself in all after-history that name of terrible significance, *The Thirty Years' War*.

And now I will sum up all, so to speak moralize my lecture, by aid of a few verses, evidently drawn from the inmost heart of the writer, being part of a

Thanksgiving Hymn with which that peace, which came so late, and was so weak to heal the hurts which war had left, was yet welcomed by those who had sighed and prayed for it so long :

“ Friede bauet, Friede richtet,
Krieg zerreisset, Krieg zernichtet ;

Friede bringet Muth und Gut,
Kriege bringen Feuer und Blut ;

“ Friede stammet aus dem Himmel,
Aus der Höll das Kriegsgetümmel.
Was ist Friede ? Gottes Kind :
Was ist Kriegen ? Schand und Sünd.”

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

It was on one of those mornings known only in the old land of prophets, priests, and kings, a morning of serene and holy sunshine, that we first saw the blue deep beauty of the Sea of Galilee. It is one of the strangest surprises which overtakes the traveler in Palestine to find the country so small in extent and the places of sacred interest so crowded together. No matter how much he may have studied the geography of the land, or how carefully he may have used his scale in determining distances, he will nevertheless be constantly wondering that it never before occurred to him how close together lie the localities of those incidents which have been the wonder of sacred history for so many centuries. We had slept in Nazareth, and it was not an hour's ride from that village to the foot of Mount Tabor. I know not precisely when the story had its origin that Tabor was the mountain of the Transfiguration, but however old the tradition, it seems impossible to believe it. Read the account carefully, and you will probably arrive at the conclusion that the event took place not far from Cæsarea Philippi, and there is good reason for believing that it was on one of the peaks of Mount Hermon. Tabor rises from the northern side of the plain of Esdraelon, a bold, rocky hill, covered with low oak-trees, and crowned with the ruins of an ancient fortified city. The ascent was steep and difficult. Our party, increased by the arrival at the same moment of another and larger group of travelers, numbered some fifteen. Long before we arrived at the top, all but one lady had abandoned their

horses, preferring to trust their own feet on the steep and rocky path. The summit reached, we had that sweeping view than which none in all the world is more beautiful, certainly none more sublime. In the north-east was the glory of Hermon, snow-capped, and towering in the sky ; on the north, the Lebanon range stretching away to the sea ; on the north-west, the hills that surround Nazareth, and farther away the peaks that overlook Tyre and Sarepta and Sidon. On the west was the plain leading off to the Mediterranean, and here and there the silver gleam of Kishon—“ that ancient river, the river Kishon.” On the south side of the plain, and in the middle of it, were almost innumerable points of interest. Carmel bounded the horizon toward the sea-shore. Between us and that hill lay Taanach, Megiddo, and all the points which in the long battle history of Esdraelon made it to be looked on as a very plain of strife for armies, so that John in the Apocalypse spoke of the hill of Megiddo as the last gathering-place of nations for combat. South of Tabor lay Shunem, and beyond it the peaks of Gilboa, looking down on Jezreel. Close by Shunem was Nain, and not far from that Endor ; and thence the eye swept eastward and downward, for the plain descended rapidly ; all the mountains seemed to fall swiftly to the Jordan valley, and there, deep down in the slopes, lying in a basin of emerald, was the sea of Galilee.

No other spot could draw our eyes away from that scene. We sat in a group on the eastern brow of the hill, and looked with silent joy at the sea of seas, the

holiest lake on the surface of this sad earth; nearest in its associations, and in the blessings that seem to linger around and sanctify it even now, to the waters by which the redeemed shall lie down when this pilgrimage shall be accomplished.

Nazareth was so near to Tiberias that it seemed at once evident that the Sea of Galilee must have been connected with many of the thousand unrecorded incidents in the life of Christ. The boy of Nazareth is little known to us. The Son of Mary springs up suddenly in our minds, from the youth disputing with the doctors in the temple, to the sad majesty of the man of sorrows, treading the solemn path to the place of his sacrifice. But he was a boy and a young man on these hills, and it is reasonable to suppose that he not infrequently crossed the plain, and visited the lake whose shores and waters are hallowed by the story of his miracles and his teachings.

Let us hasten along the way. Doubtless His feet trod it often, this same path that we follow. Many a time he must have climbed this Tabor, and looked as we look on this scene. These very rocks which we have climbed are the rocks on which his hands and feet were pressed, when he wandered away from his home and rambled among the hills. We cross the plain where he walked with his disciples on the Sabbath when they plucked the corn. Our horses are of the Arab stock, not full-blooded but noble animals, which we selected with care at Jaffa and Jerusalem. They are restive under the restraint. We would not go too rapidly, for we shall never cross this plain again, and he should ride slow and devour every inch of his road, inch by inch, who rides over such a road for the first and the last time. The sea has not been visible since we left the summit of Tabor. It lies in too deep a basin, and we have a long descent to make before we reach even the edge of the slope. This plain saw once a fearful sight, when Saladin conquered the hosts of Guy, and the Holy Cross was lost on the same day with the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem. But we can not pause

to think of that now. We lingered too long on Tabor. The sun is going down. The long rays lie golden on the yellow grass. They are red as blood beyond the sea, on the hills of the Gadarenes. We have but a little way farther to go. The track is visible before us for a mile, then suddenly descends out of sight. We reach the brow of the hill, and then the sea bursts on our vision in its completeness, blue as the sky above it and calm as a dream of heaven.

Three or four hundred feet below us was the old city of Tiberias, the road descending by sundry fearful plunges almost to the very wall. To the south of the city, on the shore of the sea, we saw our white tents pitched, and the smoke of Hadji Mohammed's fire was, as usual, the assurance that dinner would be ready when we should reach them. Let it be confessed that ordinarily the traveler in Syria thinks more of that announcement than of any other fact on his arrival at a new place. He has exhausted thought of the place in the saddle before he comes to it, and the weary body rejoices in refreshment. But here the rule was different. It was as if we had entered the atmosphere of a new world, a holier and a purer atmosphere. The lapse of the waters on the pebbly shore was a music that no words can adequately describe. The "Peace, be still!" of His voice seemed to remain in the air, to sound in our souls, to soothe every earthly care. It may be thought sentimental or extravagant, but I solemnly aver that as I dismounted that evening and threw myself down on the shore of Genesaret, I laid my cheek on the stones of the beach and wished that I could lie there forever, and return no more to the other world out of which I had escaped into this abode of serene joy. "Peace! peace!" was the murmur of the sea; monotonous, but oh! how full of melody! And later, when I lay floating in the water, looking up at the stars, it seemed to me that I had reached a place where this world bordered more closely on heaven than any other, and that I could almost hear the voices of those who were on the other side of the veil

which hid them from my sight. It is impossible to express this idea intelligibly to one who has never felt it, but to some it will be very clear. There are moments when the paths of that other world seem to be parallel with those we walk, and when we seem to know as we go on that they who have no sin are walking just a little way from us. Not that they think of us. It is not the idea that we can hold communion with the departed, but that for some reason we feel the nearness of our lives to their lives, the fact that the angels of God and the spirits of the just made perfect are pursuing the joys of heaven and doing the will of their Master not very far away from us, even if they do not know or think of our existence. And so on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, in the starlight, I could hear, or think I heard, the unintelligible but supremely melodious voices of those who were conversing one with another in the country that lay beyond the Jordan.

The sea lies, as I have already said, in a deep basin. The eastern shore rises abruptly in high rocky mountains, and the land to the eastward of these is barren and desolate, stretching away to the ruins of Gadara, the chief city of the ancient Gadarenes. The lake is not large. Here again, as in so many other instances, the traveler may be disappointed. The word "sea" has led him to think of Genesaret as a vast body of water. He is scarcely prepared for the little lake, over which his eye sweeps with a single glance. But no lake on earth has shores so crowded with holy associations, and, therefore, there is no other lake or ocean where the observer looks across the water into such infinite distances of thought and memory, joy and sorrow. The lake is oval in form, lying north and south. The Jordan enters it at the northern end and flows out of the southern extremity. Around the northern and north-western shores cluster the points of deepest interest. There were Chorazin and Bethsaida and Capernaum. On the east was the land of the Gadarenes. But the steepness of the mountains forbade the location of any cities there, except near the northern and south-

ern extremities of the lake. The western shore must have been lined with cities and villages. The ruins which are found all along the banks, and especially the vacant tombs in the rocky hill-sides, attest the former wealth and populousness of this coast. Tiberias is not a city of the time of Christ, although it can hardly be doubted that it occupies the site of some well-known place of that day. The hot springs which still flow near the city, and which seem to have been its original attraction, were probably then, as in later years, the resort of invalids, and the large number of rock-hewn sepulchres not far from the springs indicate the nearness of a place of considerable importance. The change is solemn and sad. Tiberias is the only place of any importance now on the shore of the sea. On the south-eastern side is a small village of mud huts, but nowhere else on its whole circuit is there any collection of human habitations; and Tiberias is but a ruin. In the time of the crusades, it was a walled town, and the towers and walls remain, shaken by earthquakes into mournful ruin. Breaches admit friends and enemies through the old defenses at numerous points, but there is not much within to tempt either class. No business is done here; and on the evening of my arrival, one solitary boat, a rudely built open fishing-boat, was the only craft floating on the sea. Since that time travelers report this boat as among the things of the past, and there is not even one small representative left of the ancient shipping.

That boat was not to be neglected, and we engaged it for a voyage. In the morning, with a light breeze of wind, we ran down the west coast to the outlet, and bathed in the Jordan. The outflow of the river was exceedingly calm and placid. A few rods below, however, it began its plunging course among rocks that constantly dispute its swift career as it goes down into the depths of the sea of Death. The water at the outlet was a little less than five feet deep, the width perhaps a hundred and fifty. As I stood in the middle, at the deepest point, the gentle flow swept just under my chin.

The lonesome beauty of that spot can not be exaggerated. Will the time ever come when it will cease to be lonesome? Wild fowl were floating on the water in calm security. No sound disturbed the stillness, nothing marred the beauty of the scene. Even the ruins which crowned the neighboring ridges of land seemed to have taken on an air of repose in the soft sunshine, and the storks that stood on the ruins were as motionless as statues.

The day was warm, the climate in April being as soft as our June. The crazy old boat in which we had ventured the voyage was poorly furnished for rough weather; but who could anticipate rough weather on such a sea and in such an atmosphere? But we found to our cost that there are storms of wind which come down on the sea in these days as of old. Men change, and countries change, but the ways of nature remain. The morning breeze kissed our cheeks as lovingly as it kissed the cheeks of Mary of Magdala in the bloom of her youth, and the evening tempest swept us away as it swept the disciples of old when the Master slept and the storm raged, as if it knew of his slumber.

We put up the helm for home—our tent-home, outside the walls of Tiberias. All around the sea there was no other home inhabited by civilized man, except that little group of tents, the temporary abiding-place of pilgrims from distant countries. We coasted the western shore, the wind from the south-west gently pushing us along, when suddenly there came down the hill-side a fierce blast from the north-west, and our old craft, heedless of helm, went away before it. How she rolled! How she pitched, and buried her rough sides in the blue water! It was useless to resist that wind. The first attempt snapped the weak oar that was our only dependence, and we resigned ourselves to fate. We plunged and rolled across the sea, toward the land of the Gadarenes. There is a little mud village, inhabited by Arabs, on the south-east side of the water. It bears the name now of *Wady Samak, the Valley of Fish.*

We let the boat go, and she struck just by this village, the water fortunately being so deep near shore that she ran within easy jumping distance of the gravel beach. Hence we walked to the Jordan, made our way across it by the aid of an Arab and his horse, and then in the dark night walked up the west shore of the sea to Tiberias.

That evening was serenely beautiful, and as I slept, with the water lapsing on the stones just on the outside of my tent-curtain, I dreamed. Out of the far past came forms of exceeding beauty to visit my white tents in the moonlight of Galilee. What words can tell those dreams on that shore forever beaten with those waves of music?

I shall not undertake to relate all the incidents of three days passed on the shore of the sea. We needed the repose, for the travel had been weary and laborious from Jerusalem.

In the saddle again, however, at length, and our horses' heads turned toward the passes of Lebanon. The tents are struck, the camp-fire burns dimly, and in the middle of the heap of coals is the tin cup of coffee, the cook, Hadji Mohammed's provision for his own comfort, always the last article touched on breaking up camp. The mules with their loads are off an hour before us, and we yet linger around the walls of Tiberias, linger among the graves of the Hebrews outside the old city, loth to go away from the spot where, somehow or other, we seemed to have rested more peacefully than ever before on this sad pilgrimage of life. The traveler seldom fails to feel a certain affection for every spot in which his tents are pitched for the night. He divides his love of home among a thousand different spots where he has found temporary homes, but has none the less, after all, for the one place toward which he looks always with earnest love. But could one be blamed for specially clinging to that shore of the sea where the memory of the Lord remains so golden and so pure? I think if there be any one resting-place on all the earth better than another for the repose of the body, that is the place, where

in the winds of heaven, in the rays of the starlight, by day and by night, forever sounds the "Peace, be still!" of his voice, which can calm every tempest, and give every blessing to his beloved while they sleep!

Our route was toward Damascus, and the road passed up the western shore of the sea. As we rode along the narrow path, now ascending a spur of the hills and now crossing a low plain, the vision of beauty was well-nigh perfect. The water was clear and transparent. From the bluffs we could see thousands of large fish, the descendants of those of old time, seemingly undisturbed in their element. For there are no successors of the Fishermen of Galilee, except the owner of the miserable boat in which we made our voyage; and he manifestly fails to reduce the stock in the lake. I had tried myself. My fishing-tackle was all that could be desired, and I used every device of fly, minnow, and bait, but could not induce one of the well-fed inhabitants of the lake to take the hook. There were many varieties of fish visible, and they seemed to be feeding; but they despised all the temptations which could be thrown in their way by strangers. I have never seen larger quantities of large fish in fresh water than we saw in the north-western part of the sea, as we rode toward the site of Capernaum.

The oleander grew in rich profusion along the shore. The air was laden with sweets from innumerable wild flowers. At length we descended to the plain, where a small collection of huts marks the site of Magdala, whence came the penitent Mary; and a little way beyond this we reached the spring near which, it seems not impossible, Capernaum once stood. Let us not enter into the discussion about this site or any other site; for after all, what difference does it make whether the city stood just here or a few miles from here on this bending shore? Would it make the associations any more winning, the air any more golden and life-giving, the sunshine any more delicious, if we knew that exactly here on this plain, or on the sloping hill-side before us, the heaven-exalted city once reared her doomed towers? The view from the spot is so complete, that one cares nothing for definite locations. At one glance of the eye we take in all the circuit of the holy lake. It sleeps serenely now in the sunshine; it reflects with loving smiles the deep blue of the over-arching sky. From Bethsaida to the outflow of the Jordan the shores are before us; no floating object breaks the glassy surface. Is it a lake of earth; or, is this a vision of the waters of heaven by which the blessed shall rest?

BY SUMMER WOODS.

THE leafy city of the birds
Is quiet now in every street—
The little people all, have gone to sleep.
Up from the river come the herds,
With dripping mouths and lingering feet;
And slowly earthward, shades of evening
creep.

The *chirr* of insects fainter grows;
The dusky bat his dungeon leaves,
And noiseless flits upon his nightly quest:

The flowers their dewy eyelids close;
A lullaby the cricket weaves,
And Nature folds her hands in balmy rest.

So fades in gloom the summer day.
Oh! dearer now each leaf and blade,
And gentle band of beauty-haloed flowers!
For stains of blood they hide away,
In lonely glen and battle glade,
While peace and concord smile amid our
bowers.

X A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE OF AN INVENTOR.

It is generally known that Charles Goodyear, of New-Haven, Connecticut, was the original discoverer of the process now known as the Vulcanization of India-Rubber; but few probably have any just conception of the man who created this great national industry, or of the motives which inspired him in the ardent pursuit of an object so difficult of attainment, and so fruitful of suffering and abuse to himself and his family.

Those who have read Trench's delightful little volume on the Study of Words, will remember the interesting distinction he draws between *discovery* and *invention*, and will have felt with him, that the genius which penetrates into and unveils or *discovers* any secret of nature, is of a higher order than that inventive faculty which seems a sort of superior instinct, developed by necessity, and which ingeniously contrives various expedients to promote the comfort and minister to the wants of man.

The subject of this narrative combined in a remarkable degree the two gifts of discovery and invention.

The fact that the gum of the *Ficus Elastica* could be so combined with other natural substances as to produce, when subjected to the action of heat, an entirely new and most valuable material, was a secret of nature which Charles Goodyear, by his untiring perseverance in experiment, and patient observation, compelled her to give up to him; whilst the innumerable uses to which he afterward applied his new material, his ingenious mechanical contrivances in overcoming the difficulties of the new manufacture, the large number of articles originated by him for the preservation of life and health, and the great improvements he made in nearly every thing that he attempted to make out of India-rubber, establish his claim beyond all dispute to the title of inventor.

It is not, however, with the great life-work of that remarkable man that we

have now to do, nor with the results of his long years of patient toil and uncomplaining suffering; nor is it our intention to attempt an analysis of the genius or character of a man alike distinguished by his talents and his virtues. But the following facts made so strong an impression on the writer's own mind, and have so shone like a star of light through many subsequent dark days and nights, that a brief narration of them is given to the public, in the hope that it may prove both an example and an encouragement to others, and afford another illustration of the power of faith to sustain the most trying adversity.

We read of the agonies of the martyrs, and we feel that undoubtedly the God for whose truth they were suffering, endowed them with power from on high, so that we are ready to say with James: "We count them happy who endure." But have we ever expected, ever looked for, similar consolation and strength in the trials which befall us in the discharge of ordinary and commonplace duties, for which we have no other or more distinct divine call than the universal one, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"?

The faith which removes mountains, is a faith which brings down the presence of God into the humblest sphere of daily life, and sees the finger of God as much in the falling of a sparrow as in the overthrow of an empire.

It is, perhaps, one of the most prominent characteristics of great men, men at least who accomplish great practical results, that they throw the whole energy of their being into every thing that they attempt to do; as also that the minutest event, fact, or accident never passes unobserved, if it can have the remotest possible bearing upon the subject which is ever before the mind's eye.

Shortly after the close of the French Exhibition in 1855, there had been a commercial panic in America, affecting

more or less the interests of all persons deriving their incomes from the United States.

At the same time, a company, which had been formed in France, for the manufacture of India-rubber goods, dishonored the notes which they had given to Mr. Goodyear in payment for the right to manufacture under his patents. Some of these notes had been indorsed by Mr. Goodyear, and passed to different parties who had made articles for the Exhibition; amongst others to a large iron-worker, who was making a new machine, under Mr. Goodyear's instructions, to facilitate some process in the manufacture of India-rubber. This machine had not passed out of the manufacturer's hands, as it was not nearly finished. Mr. Goodyear, being aware that the notes were protested, had called on the parties concerned, and endeavored to arrange for their payment at a future time. He was arrested no less than three times on smaller matters connected with the Exhibition, but had succeeded in arranging them to the satisfaction of his creditors without going to prison. But on the night of the fifth of December, he came back to his hotel completely exhausted by his unremitting efforts to extricate himself from his embarrassing circumstances, and suffering so severely from gout, that he was obliged to retire immediately to his bed. He had at length fallen into a sleep, when his anxious wife, who sat in his room watching, was startled by a knock at the chamber-door. She rose and opened it a little way, when it was pushed back against her by a dark-faced ruffianly fellow, who forced his way in, followed by another man of the same low sort. "Monsieur Goodyear?" said the man.

"He is here, but ill," said the wife. "What would you have? If you please, tell me your business."

"Aha!" said the man, with a triumphant air—catching sight of the sleeping sufferer—"we've found him at last!" and whistling, the window, which opened from a balcony, was forced open, and two more men entered.

The wife, perceiving the true state of

the case, placed herself between her husband's bed and the bailiffs, and said: "You can not take a sick man out of bed in this manner. You can come for Mr. Goodyear to-morrow, if you want him. He is not the man to flee from a creditor or a bailiff; but the law gives you no power to arrest any man after sun-down."

"Vous avez raison, Madame," said the man—"mais"—and here he showed a special permit he had obtained to arrest Mr. Goodyear on Sunday or holy day, after sunset or before sunrise, on the plea that he was a foreigner, and about to escape to the United States.

No further argument could of course be used, and the poor sleeper was aroused, and at a glance comprehended the situation he was in. With the most perfect self-possession, he said he would go in a few moments, but requested to be left alone to dress. This was not allowed, but his wife obtained permission to accompany him, as he was not able to express himself well in French.

Through the halls and court-yard of that large hotel he passed on his crutches, attended by his ruffianly guards, and the whole party were soon packed into a cab, and on their way to the gloomy debtor's prison, in the Rue de Clichy. Have any of our readers seen the inside of a French prison, and do they know what it is to be shut up—locked in—from nine at night until the morning, in a little, narrow, cold, damp cell, with a brick floor, a grated window, a straw bed, and no single article of comfort, no hope of obtaining help, even should they die alone there in the night? Can they realize the feelings of a generous man, a tender husband, at being thus violently separated from a wife left alone in a foreign land without a friend, and forced to find her way home again alone, through the low streets of Paris, at that midnight hour? If so, perhaps they can imagine how that heavy iron door grated, and that key turned in the lock that shut in the poor prisoner, and fell on his wife's ear with a sound like death.

Yet sickness, suffering, cold, loneliness, and even the anxiety for those most dear

to him, had no power to shake this man's confidence in God; and to him was the promise made good: "According to your faith, be it unto you."

The heart of the judge, who was summoned to admit Mr. Goodyear into the prison, was so touched, that he insisted upon one of the bailiffs seeing the lady home; and, distasteful as was such an escort to her, she had reason to be thankful for it before getting out of the Rue de Clichy.

The night passed away, as all nights do, however dark and lonesome. The morning came, and with it came the wife once more within those gloomy walls. Her pass from the office of prisons being examined and found correct, and her person searched, she was admitted by the jailer within that heavy iron door, and told to go through the long corridor where the prisoners were amusing themselves as best they could in that wretched place, up a large, wide stair-case to another long corridor, on each side of which were the prisoners' cells. As she passed, the unhappy inmates stared at her as though the presence of a woman was something strange within those dreary walls.

But what was the state of the suffering inventor? Did he need the counsels, the encouragement, the sympathy, of wife or friend in that trying hour? When his wife met him, pale and trembling, he took her hands in his, and with a calm, bright smile, said: "Cheer up, my dear; I have been through nearly every form of trial that human flesh is heir to, and I have found that there is nothing in life to fear, but *sin*."

During his stay in prison, he occupied his time chiefly in contributing, as far as possible, to the comfort and enjoyment of his fellow-prisoners; amongst whom were two fellow-countrymen—one also an inventor, a young man, just entering on his career—and his first act, after leaving the prison, was to return and share his wardrobe with some of the sufferers. To use his own expression, he found it "a good place to study human nature in."

Whilst thus confined in a French pri-

son for debts contracted in carrying forward his numerous and important inventions, Mr. Goodyear received the order of Knighthood of the Legion of Honor from the French emperor; and on his liberation, found to his astonishment the furniture in his rooms at the hotel changed for that which was handsomer and much more commodious, to do honor to the new "Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur."

Such vicissitudes have had their parallel in the lives of other great discoverers and benefactors of their age; men who, as our national poet so beautifully expresses it, have left behind them strongly marked foot-prints on the sands of time:

"Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

The foregoing incident is but one out of many similar trials, borne with equal heroism by this remarkable man. Few persons appreciated him. All who knew his history marveled at his indomitable perseverance amidst such aggravated and protracted trials and opposition, with so little seeming chance of success, and still less of reward; but we have the clue to it in his own simple answer to the question what sustained him through those long years of disappointment and failure. "It was *faith*—if I know what faith is."

This faith, not in himself nor his own genius, (of which he seemed scarcely conscious) but in the God to whom, from his earliest years, he had dedicated himself, and whose love and providing and protecting care for him he never doubted, was the main-spring of his whole life, inspiring his energies, making him strong for the battle of life, prompting to generosity and true beneficence, even when on the verge of want, filling him with hope and undoubting confidence of success in the work God had given him to do; and keeping him from despair when crushed by poverty, sickness, failure, or disappointment; and from a murmur or an unforgiving word when persecuted, forsaken, neglected, or injured.

Although Mr. Goodyear was naturally

reserved, yet many are the words of wisdom treasured by his own family as precious jewels containing the wisdom and experience of a lifetime, and embodying the thoughts of one deeply taught in the school of God. Every thing in life was earnest to him, the whole of life too short

for what he had to do; and even the instinct of self-preservation had given place to the higher resolve, which had become with him a spiritual instinct, to do for his fellow-creatures all that was given him to do, even though his own life was the sacrifice.

MR. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM, AND ITS AUTHOR.

THE author of the poem which was so great a favorite with our late President, beginning with the line,

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

was William Knox, a Scottish poet of very considerable talent, who died at the early age of thirty-six. He was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, in the county of Roxburghshire, on the seventeenth of August, 1789. His father, Thomas Knox, married Barbara Turnbull, and of this marriage, William was the eldest son. He was sent to the parish school of Lilliesleaf, and subsequently to the grammar-school of Musselburgh. In 1812 he became lessee of a farm near Langholm, Dumfriesshire; but his habits were not those of a thriving farmer, and at the expiration of five years he gave up his lease and returned to the shelter of the parental roof. In 1820 the family removed to Edinburgh, and William now devoted himself to the more congenial pursuit of literature, contributing extensively to the public journals. From his early youth he had composed verses, and in 1818 he published *The Lonely Hearth* and other Poems, followed six years later by *The Songs of Israel*, two small 12mo volumes now in our possession. In 1825 appeared a third duodecimo volume of lyrics, entitled *The Harp of Zion*. Knox's poetical merits attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance, and occasional pecuniary assistance; he also enjoyed the friendly notice of "Christopher North" and other men of letters. Of most amiable and genial disposition, poor Knox fell a victim to the undue gratification of his social

propensities; he was seized with paralysis, and died at Edinburgh on the twelfth of November, 1825.

His poetry is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment. In the preface to his *Songs of Zion*, he says: "It is my sincere wish that, while I may have provided a slight gratification for the admirer of poetry, I may also have done something to raise the devotional feelings of the pious Christian." Some of his Scripture paraphrases are exquisite specimens of sacred verse. A new edition of his poetical works was published in London in 1847. Besides the volumes already mentioned, and his various contributions to the Edinburgh press, he published *A Visit to Dublin*, and a beautiful Christmas tale, entitled, *Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter*.

Knox was short in stature, but handsomely formed; his complexion fair, and his hair of a light color. He was a great favorite in society, possessing an inexhaustible fund of humor, was an excellent story-teller, and repeated and sang his own songs with great beauty. He was keenly alive to his literary reputation, and could not but have been gratified had he known that one of his poetical efforts would one day go the rounds of our press and that of the Canadas, as the production of a President of the United States, and that President Abraham Lincoln.

As the poem has already appeared but in an incomplete form—the fourth and seventh stanzas being omitted—we give the whole, together with a little gem, *The Lament*, one of his earliest productions, written before he was twenty:

MORTALITY.

Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant and mother attended and loved ;
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne ;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn ;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap ;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep ;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven ;
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven ;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run,

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling :
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold ;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved, but no wail from that slumber will come ;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay ! they died : we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE LAMENT.

She was mine when the leaves of the forest were green,
When the rose-blossoms hung on the tree;
And dear, dear to me were the joys that had been,
And I dreamt of enjoyments to be.

But she faded more fast than the blossoms could fade,
No human attention could save;
And when the green leaves of the forest decayed,
The winds strewed them over her grave.

MAGDALENE.

"Down, Muff! down!"

Muff obeyed; he took his paws off from his master's shoulders with an injured look in his great mute eyes, and consoled himself by growling at the cow. Mr. Ryck put a sudden stop to a series of gymnastic exercises commenced between them, by throwing the creature's hay down upon her horns; then he watered his horse, fed the sheep, took a look at the hens, and closed all the doors tightly; for the night was cold, so cold that he shivered, even under that great bottle-green coat of his: he was not a young man.

"Pretty cold night, Muff!" Muff was not blest with a forgiving disposition; he maintained a dignified silence. But his master did not feel the slight. Something, perhaps the cold, made him careless of the dog to-night.

The house was warm, at least; the light streamed far out of the kitchen-window, down almost to the orchard. He passed across it, showing his figure, a little stooping, and the flutter of gray hair from under his hat; then into the house. His wife was busied about the room, a pleasant room, kitchen as it was, with the

cleanest of polished floors and whitened tables; the cheeriest of fires; the home-like faces of blue and white china peeping through the closet-door; a few books upon a little shelf, with an old Bible among them; the cosy rocking-chair that always stood by the fire, and a plant or two in the south window. He came in, stamping off the snow; Muff crawled behind the stove, and gave himself up to a fit of metaphysics.

"Cold, Amos?"

"Of course. What else should I be, woman?"

His wife made no reply. His unusual impatience only saddened her eyes a little. She was one of those women who would have borne a life-long oppression with dumb lips. Amos Ryck was not an unkind husband, but it was not his way to be tender; the years which had whitened his hair had brought him stern experiences: life was to him a battle, his horizon always that about a combatant. And he loved her.

"Most ready to sit down, Martha?" he said at last more gently.

"In a minute, Amos."

She finished some bit of evening work, her step soft about the room. Then she drew up the low rocking-chair, with its covering of faded crimson chintz, and sat down by her husband.

She did this noiselessly; she did not sit too near to him; she took pains not to annoy him by any feminine bustle over her work; she chose her knitting as being always most to his fancy: then she looked up timidly into his face. But there was a frown, slight to be sure, but still a frown upon it, neither did he speak. Some gloomy, perhaps some bitter thought held the man. A reflection of it might have struck across her, as she turned her head, fixing her eyes upon the coals.

The light on her face showed it pale; the lines on her mouth were deeper than any time had worn for her husband: her hair as gray as his, though he was already a man of grave, middle age, when the little wife—hardly past her sixteenth birthday—came to the farm with him.

Perhaps it is these silent women—spiritless, timid souls like this one, who have, after all, the greatest capacity for suffering. You might have thought so, if you had watched her. Some infinite mourning looked out of her mute, brown eyes. In the very folding of her hands there was a sort of stifled cry, as one whose abiding-place is in the Valley of the Shadow.

A monotonous sob of the wind broke at the corners of the house; in the silence between the two, it was distinctly heard. Martha Ryck's face paled a little.

"I wish——" trying to laugh, "Amos, it cries just like a baby."

"Nonsense!"

Her husband rose impatiently, and walked to the window. He was not given to fancies; all his life was ruled and squared up to a creed. Yet I doubt if he liked the sound of that wind much better than the woman. He thrummed upon the window-sill, then turned sharply away.

"There's a storm up, a cold one too."

"It stormed when——"

But Mrs. Ryck did not finish her sentence. Her husband, coming back to his

seat, tripped over a stool—a little thing it was, fit only for a child; a bit of dingy carpet covered it: once it had been bright.

"Martha, what *do* you keep this about for? It's always in the way!" setting it up angrily against the wall.

"I won't, if you'd rather not, Amos."

The farmer took up an almanac, and counted out the time when the minister's salary and the butcher's bill were due; it gave occasion for making no reply.

"Amos!" she said at last. He put down his book.

"Amos, do you remember what day it is?"

"I'm not likely to forget," his face darkening.

A silence: the storm-moan passed the window.

"Amos," again, more timidly, "do you suppose we shall ever find out?"

"How can I tell?"

"Ever know any thing—just a little?"

"We know enough, Martha."

"Amos! Amos!" her voice rising to a bitter cry, "we don't know enough! God's the only one that knows enough. He knows whether she's alive, and if she's dead he knows, and where she is; if there was ever any hope, and if her mother——"

"Hope, Martha, for *her*!"

She had been looking into the fire, her attitude unchanged, her hands wrung one into the other. She roused at that, something in her face as if one flared a sudden light upon the dead.

"What ails you, Amos? You're her father; you loved her when she was a little innocent child."

When she was a child, and innocent. Yes. *That* was long ago. He stopped his walk across the room, and sat down, his face twitching nervously. But he had nothing to say—not one word to the patient woman watching him there in the firelight—not one for love of the child who had climbed upon his knee and kissed him in that very room, who had played upon that little faded cricket, and wound her arms about the mother's neck, sitting just so, as she sat now. Yet he *had* loved her, the pure baby. *That*

stung him. He could not forget it, though he might own no fatherhood to the wanderer.

Amos Ryck was a respectable man; he had the reputation of an honest, pious farmer to maintain. Moreover, he was a deacon in the church. His own life, stern in its purity, modeled after rules the more unbending as his mind was narrow, could brook no tenderness toward offenders. His own child was as shut out from his forgiveness, as he deemed her to be from the forgiveness of his God. Yet you would have seen in one look at the man that this blow with which he was smitten had cleft his heart to its core.

This was her birthday—hers whose name had not passed his lips for years. Do you think he had once forgotten it since its morning? Did not the memories it brought crowd into every moment? Did they not fill the very prayers in which he besought a sin-hating God to avenge him of all his enemies?

So many times the child had sat there at his feet on this day, playing with some birthday toy—he always managed to find her something, a bit of a doll, or a picture-book; she used to come up to thank him, the light bright on her curls, her face all aglow, her little red lips put up for a kiss. He was very proud of her—he and the mother. She was all they had—the only one. He used to call her “God’s dear blessing,” softly, while his eyes grew dim; she hardly heard him for his breaking voice.

She might have stood there and brought back all those dead birthday nights, so did he live them over. But none could know it. For he did not speak, and the frown knotted darkly on his forehead. Martha Ryck looked up at last into her husband’s face.

“Amos, if she *should* ever come back!” He started, his eyes freezing.

“She won’t! She—”

Would he have said, “She *shall* not?” God only knew.

“Martha, you talk nonsense! It’s just like a woman. We’ve said enough about this. I suppose He who’s cursed us has

got his own reasons for it. We must bear it, and so must she.”

He stood up, stroking his beard nervously, his eyes wandering about the room; he did not, or he could not, look at his wife. Muff, rousing from his slumbers, came up sleepily to be taken some notice of. She used to love the dog—the child; she gave him his name in a frolic one day; he was always her play-fellow: many a time they had come in and found her asleep with Muff’s black shaggy sides for a pillow, and her little pink arms around his neck, her face all warm and bright with some happy dream.

Mr. Ryck had often thought he would sell the creature; but he never had. If he had been a woman, he would have said he could not. Being a man, he argued that Muff was a good watch-dog, and worth keeping.

“Always in the way, Muff!” he muttered, looking at the patient black head rubbed against his knee. He was angry with the dog at that moment; the next he had repented, the brute had done no wrong. He stooped and patted him. Muff returned to his dreams content.

“Well, Martha,” coming up to her uneasily, “you look tired.”

“Tired? No; I was only thinking, Amos.”

The pallor of her face, its timid eyes and patient mouth, the whole crushed look of the woman, struck him freshly. He stooped and kissed her forehead, the sharp lines of his face relaxing a little.

“I didn’t mean to be hard on you, Martha; we both have enough to bear without that, but it’s best not to talk of what can’t be helped—you see?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t think any thing more about the day; it’s not, it’s not really good for you; you must cheer up, little woman.”

“Yes, Amos.”

Perhaps his unusual tenderness gave her courage; she stood up, putting both arms around his neck.

“If you’d only try to love her a little, after all, my husband! He would know it; he might save her for it.”

Amos Ryck choked, coughed, and said it was time for prayers. He took down the old Bible in which his child's baby-fingers used to trace their first lessons after his own, and read, not of her who loved much, and was forgiven, but one of the imprecatory Psalms.

When Mrs. Ryck was sure that her husband was asleep that night, she rose softly from her bed, unlocked, with noiseless key, one of her bureau-drawers, took something from it, and then felt her way down the dark stairs into the kitchen.

She drew the crimson-covered chair up to the fire, wrapped her shawl closely about her, and untied with trembling fingers the knots of a soft silken handkerchief in which her treasures were folded.

Some baby-dresses of purest white; a child's little pink apron; a pair of tiny shoes, worn through by pattering feet, and a toy or two all broken, as some impatient little fingers had left them, she was such a careless baby! Yet they never could scold her, she always affected such pretty surprises, and wide blue-eyed penitence: a bit of a queen she was at the farm.

Was it not most kindly ordered by the infinite Tenderness which pitieth its sorrowing ones, that into her still hours her child should come so often only as a child, all that was purest and brightest finding voice, touching her mother so like a restful hand, and stealing into a prayer?

For where was ever grief like this one? In all the weakness of her timid soul, this woman—God's great martyr by her motherhood—had walked alone and trustfully, in places where many a wiser and stronger would have cursed him. Beside this sorrow, death was but a joy. If she might have closed her child's baby-eyes, and seen the lips which had not uttered their first "Mother!" stilled, and laid her away under the daisies, she would have sat there alone that night, and thanked Him who had given and taken away.

But *this*—a wanderer upon the face of the earth—a mark, deeper seared than the mark of Cain, upon the face which she had fondled and kissed within her arms; the soul to which she had given life, ac-

cursed of God and man. To measure this, there is no speech nor language.

Martha Ryck rose at last, took off the covers of the stove, and made a fresh blaze which brightened all the room, and shot its glow far into the street. She went to the window to push the curtain carefully aside, stood a moment looking out into the night, stole softly to the door, unlocked it, then went up-stairs to bed.

The wind, rising suddenly that night, struck sharply through the city. It had been cold enough before, but the threatened storm foreboded that it would be worse yet before morning. The people crowded in a warm and brilliant church, cast wandering glances from the preacher to the painted windows, beyond which the night lay darkly; thought of the ride home in close, cushioned carriages, and shivered.

So did a woman outside, stopping just by the door, and looking in at the hushed and sacred shelter. Such a temperature was not the best medicine for that cough of hers. She had just crawled out of the garret, where she had lain sick for weeks: very sick she had been, near the grave. Do you think any had cared for her? She would have laughed at the question. What ought to be done for such as she, but to let them die? There had one stumbled upon her indeed—an agent for the Society for the Relief of the Virtuous Poor, but finding she did not come within the line of his charity, he had given her a tract and left. You think she read it, perhaps? She crawled to the fire and watched it burn to ashes.

Passing the door of the temple which reared its massive front and glittering windows out of the darkness of the street, her ear was caught by the faint, muffled sound of some anthem the choir were singing. She drew the hood of her cloak over her face, turned into the shadow of the steps, and standing so, listened. Why, she hardly knew. Perhaps it was the mere entreaty of the music, for her dulled ear had never grown deaf to it; or perhaps a memory, flitting as a shadow, of

other places and other times, in which the hymns of God's church had not been strange to her. She caught the words at last, brokenly. They were of some one who was wounded. Wounded! she held her breath, listening curiously. The wind shrieking past drowned the rest; only the swelling of the organ murmured above it. She stole up the granite steps just within the entrance. No one was there to see her, and she went on tiptoe to the muffled door, putting her ear to it, her soft, brown hair falling over her face. It was some plaintive minor air they were hymning, as sad as a dying wail, and as sweet as a mother's lullaby.

"But He was wounded; He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities."

Then, growing slower and more faint, a single voice took up the strain, mournfully but clearly, with a hush in it as if one sang on Calvary.

"Yet we hid as it were our faces from him. He was despised, and we esteemed him not."

Well; He only knows what it spoke to the woman, who listened with her guilty face hidden in her hair; how it drew her like a call to join the throng that worshipped him.

"I'd like to hear the rest," muttering to herself. "I wonder what it is about."

A child came down from the gallery just then, a ragged boy who, like herself, had wandered in from the street.

"Hilloa, Meg!" he said, laughing, "*you* going to meeting? That's a good joke!" If she had heard him, she would have turned away. But her hand was on the latch; the door had swung upon its noiseless hinges; the pealing organ drowned his voice. She went in and sat down in an empty slip close by the door, looking about her for the moment in a sort of childish wonder. The church was a perfect blaze of light and color. The gayly dressed audience, the soft flutter of fans, and faint, sweet perfumes below; the velvet-cushioned pulpit and pale, scholarly outlines of the preacher's face above; the warmth of rainbow-tinted glass; the wreathed and massive carving of oaken

cornice; the glitter of gas-light from a thousand prisms, and the silence of the dome beyond.

The brightness struck sharply against the woman sitting there alone. Her face seemed to grow grayer and harder in it. The very hush of that princely sanctuary seemed broken by her polluted presence. True, she kept afar off; she did not so much as lift up her eyes to heaven; she had but stolen in to hear the chanted words that were meant for the acceptance and the comfort of the pure, bright worshippers—sinners to be sure, in their way; but then, Christ died for *them*. This tabernacle to which they had brought their purple and gold and scarlet, for his praise, was not meant for such as Meg, you know.

But she had come into it, nevertheless. If He had called her there, she did not know it. She only sat and listened to the chanting, forgetting what she was; forgetting to wonder if there were one of all that reverent throng who would be willing to sit and worship beside her.

The singing ended at last, and the pale preacher began his sermon. But Meg did not care for that; she could not understand it. She crouched down in the corner of the pew, her hood drawn far over her face, repeating to herself now and then, mechanically as it seemed, the words of the chant.

"Wounded—for our transgressions; and bruised,"—muttering after a while,—"*Yet we hid our faces.*" Bruised and wounded! The sound of the words attracted her; she said them over and over. She knew who He was. Many years ago she had heard of him; it was a great while since then; she had almost forgotten it. Was it true? And was he perhaps—was there a little chance it meant, he was bruised for her—for *her*? She began to wonder dimly, still muttering the sorrowful words down in her corner where no one could hear her.

I wonder if He heard them. Do you think he did? For, when the sermon was ended, and the choir sang again—still of him, and how he called the heavy-laden, and how he kept his own rest for them,

she said—for was she not very weary and heavy-laden with her sins? still crouching down in her corner.

"That's me. I guess it is. I'll find out." She fixed her eyes upon the preacher, thinking, in her stunted, childish way, that he knew so much, so many things she did not understand, that surely he could tell her—she should like to have it to think about; she would ask him. She rose instinctively with the audience to receive his blessing, then waited in her hooded cloak, like some dark and evil thing, among the brilliant crowd. The door opening, as they began to pass out by her, swept in such a chill of air, as brought back a spasm of coughing. She stood quivering under it, her face all livid with the pain. The crowd began to look at her curiously, to nod and whisper among themselves. The sexton stepped up nervously; he knew who she was.

"Meg, you'd better go. What are you standing here for?"

She flung him a look out of her hard, defiant eyes; she made no answer. A child, clinging to her mother's hand, looked up as she went by, pity and fear in her great wondering eyes.

"Mother, see that poor woman; she's hungry or cold!"

The little one put her hand over the slip, pulling at Meg's cloak.

"What's the matter with you? Why don't you go home?"

"Bertha, child, are you crazy?" Her mother caught her quickly away. "Don't touch that woman!"

Meg heard it.

Standing a moment after, just at the edge of the aisle, a lady, clad in velvet, brushed against her, then gathered her costly garments with a hand ringed and dazzling with diamonds, shrinking as if she had touched some accursed thing, and sweeping by.

Meg's eyes froze at that. This was the sanctuary, these the worshipers of Him who was bruised. His message could not be for her. It would be of no use to find out about him; of no use to tell him how she loathed herself and her life; that she wanted to know about that Rest, and

about the heavy-laden. His followers would not brook the very flutter of her dress against their pure garments. They were like him; he could have nothing to say to such as she.

She turned to go out. Through the open door she saw the night and the storm. Within was the silent dome, and the organ-hymn still swelling up to it.

It was still of the wounded that they sang. Meg listened, lingered, touched the preacher on the arm as he came by.

"I want to ask you a question."

He started at the sight of her, or more perhaps at the sharpness in her voice.

"Why, why, who are you?"

"I'm Meg. You don't know me. I an't fit for your fine, Christian people to touch; they won't let their little children speak to me."

"Well?" nervously, for she paused.

"Well? You're a preacher. I want to know about Him they've been singing of. I came in to hear the singing. I like it."

"I—I don't quite understand you," began the minister. "You surely have heard of Jesus Christ."

"Yes," her eyes softening, "somebody used to tell me; it was mother; we lived in the country. I wasn't what I am now. I want to know if He can put me back again. What if I should tell him I was going to be different? Would he hear me, do you suppose?"

Somehow the preacher's scholarly self-possession failed him. He felt ill at ease, standing there with the woman's fixed black eyes upon him.

"Why, yes; He always forgives a repentant sinner."

"Repentant sinner," musing. "I don't understand all these things. I've forgotten most all about it. I want to know. Couldn't I come in some way with the children and be learnt 'em? I wouldn't make any trouble."

There was something almost like a child in her voice just then, almost as earnest and as pure. The preacher took out his handkerchief and wiped his face; then he changed his hat awkwardly from hand to hand.

"Why, why, really, we have no provi

sion in our Sabbath-school for cases like this: we have been meaning to establish an institution of a missionary character, but the funds can not be raised just yet. I am sorry; I don't know but——"

"It's no matter!"

Meg turned sharply away, her hands dropping lifelessly; she moved toward the door. They were alone now in the church, they two.

The minister's pale cheek flushed; he stepped after her.

"Young woman!"

She stopped, her face turned from him.

"I will send you to some of the city missionaries. I should like to help you. I ——"

He would have exhorted her to reform as kindly as he knew how; he felt uncomfortable at letting her go so; he remembered just then who washed the feet of his Master with her tears. But she would not listen. She turned from him, and out into the storm, some cry on her lips—it might have been:

"There an't nobody to help me. *I was* going to be better!"

She sank down on the snow outside, exhausted by the racking cough which the air had again brought on.

The sexton found her there in the shadow, when he locked the church-doors.

"Meg! you here? What ails you?"

"*Dying*, I suppose!" turning up her livid face.

For some reason, the sight of her touched the man, she lying there alone in the snow; he lingered, hesitated, thought of his own warm home, looked at her again. If a friendly hand should save the creature—he had heard of such things. Well? But how could he take her into his respectable home? What would people say?—the sexton of the temple! He had a little wife there too, pure as the snow upon the ground to-night. Could he bring them under the same roof?

"Meg!" speaking in his nervous way, though kindly, "you *will* die here. I'll call the police and let them take you where it's warmer."

But she crawled to her feet again.

"No you won't!"

Then she walked away as fast as she was able, till she found a still place down by the water, where no one could see her. There she stood a moment irresolute, looked up through the storm as if searching for the sky, then sank upon her knees down there in the silent shade of some timber.

Perhaps she was half-frightened at the act, for she knelt so a moment without speaking. There she began to mutter: "May be He won't drive me off; if they did, may be he won't. I should just like to tell him, any way!"

So she folded her hands, as she had folded them once at her mother's knee.

"O Lord! I'm tired of being *Meg*. I should like to be something else!"

Then she rose, crossed the bridge, and on past the thinning houses, walking feebly through the snow that drifted against her feet.

She did not know why she was there, or where she was going. She repeated softly to herself now and then the words uttered down in the shade of the timber, her brain dulled by the cold, faint, floating dreams stealing into them.

Meg! tired of being Meg! She wasn't always that. It was another name, a pretty name she thought, with a childish smile—Maggie. They always called her that. She used to play about among the clover-blossoms and buttercups then; the pure little children used to kiss her; nobody hooted after her in the street, or drove her out of church, or left her all alone out in the snow—*Maggie!*

Perhaps, too, some vague thought came to her of the mournful, unconscious prophecy of the name, as the touch of the sacred water upon her baby-brow had sealed it. Magdalene.

She stopped a moment, weakened by her toiling against the wind, threw off her hood, the better to catch her laboring breath, and standing so, looked back at the city, its lights glimmering white and pale, through the falling snow.

A piteous sight it was just then—her face. Do you think the haughtiest of

the pure, fair women in yonder treasured homes could have loathed her as she loathed herself at that moment?

Yet it might have been a face as fair and pure as theirs; kisses of mother and husband might have warmed those drawn and hueless lips; they might have prayed their happy prayers, every night and morning, to God. *It might have been.* You would almost have thought he had meant it should be so, if you had looked into her eyes sometimes. Perhaps, when she was on her knees by the timber; or when she listened to the chant, crouching out of sight in the church.

Well, it was only that it might have been. Life could hold no possible, blessed change for her, you know. Society had no place for it, though she sought it carefully, with tears. Who of all God's happy children that he had kept from sin, would have gone to her and said, "My sister, his love holds room for you and me;" have touched her with her woman's hand, held out to her her woman's help, and blessed her with her woman's prayers and tears?

Do you not think Meg knew the answer to this question? Had she not learned it well, in seven wandering years? Had she not read it in every blast of this bitter night, out into which she had come to find a helper, when all the happy world passed by her, on the other side?

She stood there, looking at the glittering of the city, then off into the gloom where the path lay through the snow. Some struggle in her face.

"Home!" muttering, "home and mother! She don't want me—nobody wants me. I'd better go back."

The storm beat upon her. She looked once more upon the city; then down the drifted path. But she did not stir.

"I should like to see it, just to look in the window a little—it wouldn't hurt 'em any. Nobody'd know."

She turned, walking slowly where the snow lay pure and untrodden. On, out of sight of the city, where the fields were still. Thinking, only as she went, that nobody would know—nobody would know. She would see the old home out

in the dark; she could even say good-by to it, quite out loud, and they wouldn't hear her, or come and drive her away. And then—

She looked around where the great shadows lay upon the fields, felt the weakening of her limbs, her failing breath, and smiled. Not Meg's smile. Something very quiet, with a little quiver in it. She would find a still place under the trees somewhere; the snow would cover her quite out of sight before morning—the pure, white snow. She would be only Maggie then. The road, like some familiar dream, wound at last into the village. Down the street where her childish feet had pattered in their playing, by the old town-pump, where, coming home from school, she used to drink the cool, clear water on summer noons, she passed—a silent shadow. She might have been the ghost of some dead life, so moveless was her face. She stopped at last, looking about her.

"Where? I 'most forget."

Turning out from the road, she found a brook half-hidden under the branches of a dripping tree—frozen now, only a black glare of ice, where she pushed away the snow with her foot. It might have been a still, green place in summer, with banks of moss, and birds singing overhead. Some faint color flushed all her face; she did not hear the icicles dropping from the lonely tree.

"Yes," softly to herself, "this is it. The first time I ever saw him, he stood over there under the tree. Let me see; wasn't I crossing the brook? Yes, I was crossing the brook; on the stones. I had a pink dress. I looked in the glass when I went home," brushing her soft hair out of her eyes. "Did I look pretty? I can't remember. It's a great while ago."

She came back into the street after that, languidly, for the snow lay deeper. The wind, too, had chilled her more than she knew. The sleet was frozen upon her mute white face. She tried to draw her cloak more closely about her, but her hands refused to hold it. She looked at them curiously.

"Numb? How much further, I wonder?"

It was not long before she came to it. The house stood up silently in the night. A single light glimmered far out upon the garden. Her eye caught it eagerly. She followed it down, across the orchard, and the little plats where the flowers used to be so bright all summer long. She had not forgotten them. She used to go out in the morning and pick them for her mother—a whole apronful, purple, and pink, and white, with dew-drops on them. She was fit to touch them then. Her mother used to smile when she brought them in. Her mother! Nobody ever smiled so since. Did she know it? Did she ever wonder what had become of her—the little girl who used to kiss her? Did she ever want to see her? Sometimes, when she prayed up in the old bedroom, did she remember her daughter who had sinned, or guess that she was tired of it all, and no one in all the wide world would help her?

She was sleeping there now. And the father. She was afraid to see him; he would send her away, if he knew she had come out in the snow to look at the old home. She wondered if her mother would.

Then she opened the gate, and went in. The house was very still. So was the yard, and the gleam of light that lay golden on the snow. The numbness of her body began to steal over her brain. She thought at moments, as she crawled up the path upon her hands and knees—for she could no longer walk—that she was dreaming some pleasant dream; that the door would open, and her mother come out to meet her. Attracted like a child by the broad belt of light, she followed it over and through a piling drift. It led her to the window where the curtain was pushed aside. She managed to reach the blind, and so stand up a moment, clinging to it, looking in, the glow from the fire sharp on her face. Then she sank down upon the snow by the door.

Lying so, her face turned up against it, her stiffened lips kissing the very dumb,

unanswering wood, a thought came to her. She remembered the day. For seven long years she had not thought of it.

A spasm crossed her face, her hands falling clenched. Who was it of whom it was written, that better were it for that man if he had never been born? Of Magdalene, more vile than Judas, what should be said?

Yet it was hard, I think, to come back to the home in which her mother was, and did not know; to fall so upon the very threshold—so near the quiet, peaceful room, with the warmth, and light, and rest; to stay all night in the storm, with eyes turned to that dead, pitiless sky, without one look into her mother's face, without one kiss, or gentle touch, or blessing, and die so, looking up! No one to hold her hand and look into her eyes, and hear her say she was sorry—sorry for it all! That they should find her there in the morning, when her poor, dead face could not see if she were forgiven!

"I should like to go in," sobbing, with the first tears of many years upon her cheek—weak, pitiful tears, like a child's—"just in out of the cold!"

Some sudden strength fell on her after that. She reached up, fumbling for the latch. It opened at her first touch; the door swung wide into the silent house.

She crawled in then, into the kitchen where the fire was, and the crimson chair; the plants in the window, and the faded cricket upon the hearth. The dog too, roused from his nap behind the stove. He began to growl at her, his eyes on fire.

"Muff!" smiling weakly, stretching out her hand. He did not know her—he was fierce with strangers. "Muff! don't you know me? I'm Maggie; there, there Muff, good fellow!"

She crept up to him fearlessly, putting both her arms about his neck, in a way she had of soothing him when she was his play-fellow. The creature's low growl died away. He submitted to her touch, doubtfully at first, then he crouched on the floor beside her, wagging his tail, wetting her face with his huge tongue.

"Muff, you know me, you old fellow! I'm sorry, Muff, I am—I wish we could go out and play together again. I'm very tired, Muff."

She laid her head upon the dog, just as she used to long ago, creeping up near the fire. A smile broke all over her face, at Muff's short, happy bark.

"*He* don't turn me off; he don't know; he thinks I'm nobody but Maggie."

How long she lay so, she did not know. It might have been minutes, it might have been hours; her eyes wandering all about the room, growing brighter too, and clearer. They would know now that she had come back; that she wanted to see them; that she had crawled into the old room to die; that Muff had not forgotten her. Perhaps, *perhaps* they would look at her not unkindly, and cry over her just a little, for the sake of the child they used to love.

Martha Ryck, coming in at last, found her with her long fair hair falling over her face, her arms still about the dog, lying there in the firelight.

The woman's eyelids fluttered for an instant, her lips moving dryly; but she made no sound. She came up, knelt upon the floor, pushed Muff gently away, and took her child's head upon her lap.

"Maggie!"

She opened her eyes and looked up.

"Mother's glad to see you, Maggie."

The girl tried to smile, her face all quivering.

"Mother, I—I wanted you. I thought I wasn't fit."

Her mother stooped and kissed her lips—the polluted, purple lips, all trembling so.

"I thought you would come back to me, my daughter. I've watched for you a great while."

She smiled at that, pushing away her falling hair.

"Mother, I'm so sorry."

"Yes, Maggie."

"And oh!" throwing out her arms;

"Oh! I'm so tired, I'm so tired!"

Her mother raised her, laying her head upon her shoulder.

"Mother'll rest you, Maggie," sooth-

ing her, as if she sang again her first lullaby, when she came to her, the little pure baby—her only one.

"Mother," once more, "the door was unlocked."

"It has been unlocked every night for seven years, my child."

She closed her eyes after that, some stupor creeping over her, her features in the firelight softening and melting, with the old child-look coming into them. Looking up at last, she saw another face bending over her, a face in which grief had worn stern lines; there were tears in the eyes, and some recent struggle quivering out of it.

"Father, I didn't mean to come in—I didn't really; but I was so cold. Don't send me off, father! I couldn't walk so far—I shall be out of your way in a little while—the cough——"

"I send you away, Maggie? I—I might have done it once; God forgive me! He sent you back, my daughter—I thank him."

A darkness swept over both faces then; she did not even hear Muff's whining cry at her ear.

"Mother," at last, the light of the room coming back, "there's Somebody who was wounded. I guess I'm going to find him. Will he forget it all?"

"All, Maggie."

For what did He tell the sin-laden woman who came to him once, and dared not look into his face? Was ever soul so foul and crimson-stained that he could not make it pure and white? Does he not linger till his locks are wet with the dews of night, to listen for the first faint call of any wanderer crying to him in the dark?

So He came to Maggie. So he called her by her name—Magdalene most precious to him; whom he had bought with a great price; for whom, with groanings that cannot be uttered, he had pleaded with his Father: Magdalene, chosen from all eternity, to be graven in the hollow of his hand, to stand near to him before the throne, to look with fearless eyes into his face, to touch him with her happy tears among his sinless ones forever.

And think you that *then*, any should scorn the woman whom the high and lofty One, beholding, did thus love? Who could lay any thing to the charge of his elect?

Perhaps he told her all this, in the pauses of the storm, for something in her face transfigured it.

"Mother, it's all over now. I think I shall be your little girl again."

And so, with a smile, she went to Him. The light flashed broader and brighter about the room, and on the dead face there—never Meg's again. A strong man bowed over it, was weeping. Muff moaned out his brute sorrow where the still hand touched him. But Martha Ryck, kneeling down beside her only child, gave thanks to God.

ASBIORN.

THIS Danish hero of old is one of the many instances of the contempt of death among the Northern nations. Having fallen into the hands of his enemy Bruso, and while about being tortured to death,

he composed this song, recounting the events of his life. We translate it for HOURS AT HOME from Bartholin de Causis Contemptæ a Danis Mortis.

SONG OF ASBIORN.

My mother sits in her Danish home
Svanvita, the gentle one;
This summer-tide she will not comb
The locks of her hero son.
I said the nor'ward tide
Shall bring me back in pride;
But now, soon through my side
The fatal steel will run.

Not thus it was, by our native hearth,
When our flagons brimmed with ale;
We poured the meed with noisy mirth,
Or listed the Berserk's tale.
Alone in the cell I lie—
In a giant's power I die:
Oh! the ships that merrily
From Kordeland set sail!

Not thus it was—in splendor decked,
The deep did our vessels plow;
The son of Stozolf stood erect
And proudly at the prow,
When into Oresund's bay
The long keels made their way,
By treachery led astray—
Mine is the torture now.

Not thus it was, when Ormus sped
Fast over the battle-plain,
For the hungry beast a banquet spread
Of Norland heroes slain.
He was a champion brave!
At the gate of Ija's wave,
The hardy blows he gave,
Like death, came down amain.

Not thus it was, to eastward, toward
Eljarrkar's Island, when
I hewed my path with a good stout sword,
Grown warm in the wounds of men.
The shafts of Ormus flew
Swift on the robber crew,
Our keels cut the dark seas through;
We were together then.

Not thus it was, when the ranks closed in,
When the falchion did its will;
I urged the fight through the bustling din,
But Ormus was foremost still.
Oh! dire his frown would be,
These torments could he see!
On the giants, wrathfully
Would he pay their deeds of ill.

HERO-WORSHIP ON LAKE LUCERNE.

So much has been said and written upon hero-worship, that we approach the subject timidly, as we would the preparation of an oration for the Fourth of July. Carlyle and Emerson, as well as a whole army of poets, from Chaucer down, have sung its pean. We need not now be told that hero-worship is as innate as original sin, native depravity, or any of the other phenomena of this odd soul of ours; that every heart has its hero, upon whose shrine is laid its best and holiest.

Some of these we confess proudly; others we hide, perhaps we hold them too sacred for the common gaze. Happy they who are willing to abide by the world's decision, and love those whom it has long since declared great. In common with most others, William Tell has always been our idol; Tell, as a possible man, not too good, too brave, or too patriotic, to embody our ideas of our somewhat ideal Swiss hero.

To this day, William Tell—whether he be a myth or a real historical character—speaks to the Swiss, and he always utters the same word, Freedom. His bow is ready strung, the arrow trembles to the straining palm, and it points now, as then, at a tyrant's heart. What matters it whether the man actually lived or not? His spirit, the soul lives, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and you had better keep away from Switzerland than carry with you there a doubt. If you go to be convinced, to study true history, you go to the wrong place, for the mountains and the waves of the lake repeat the fable, if fable it be, nature with her thousand tongues giving utterance to the cherished hero-worship.

We had waited three days at Lucerne for a pleasant one in which to visit the Tell country. On the morning of these days, old Pilatus stood with his bald head bare, ready to do reverence to the rising sun, and when we saw its first beams glancing back from the gray, rocky summit, like ignorant travelers as we were, we hastened our preparations, and looked

eagerly from our windows to the wharf, where the gay steamboat flag was flying. What was to be our luck to-day? You become part of your traveling equipage, after measuring the distance of a few thousand miles, and have a love almost human for the iron and the wood that transports you from point to point. One special boat had been our favorite; we had often answered her inviting call with a ready acceptance as we saw the morning sunlight falling brightly on the rugged Alp; but we became, day by day, firmer believers in the wild and savage superstitions which clustered round the mount. "Never go upon the lake unless Mount Pilatus has his hat on." What nonsense it seemed! But in spite of this, it was true. Every sunshiny embarkment was followed with clouds and rain, and it was not until the morning of the fourth day that he was sufficiently sulky to give to the experienced the hope of pleasant weather. On this morning there was an evident sound of preparation in the hotel, and from our window we saw people crowding to the boat. "Do as you see every body else do," if rather a mean motto by which to regulate our daily life, is still an excellent one for traveling. We followed the crowd, and after frequent holdings out of our ungloved hands to catch the drops of rain, we found it actually true that we were moving off upon the lake, not in our pet boat, and with the clouds almost low enough to be touched. "The finest prospects upon the lake of any in Switzerland." We had always been told so, and now we tried with eager gaze to penetrate the veil which above, below, and on all sides shut us from the view, repeating Rogers's description of this lake:

"That sacred lake withdrawn among the hills,
Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall,
Built by the giant race before the flood,
Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
Holy delights, lifting our hearts to God,
From god-like men," etc.

Rogers is not a great poet, but your thoughts flow to measure at such times, and if you are intellectually a little indolent, it is pleasant to have some one set the tune for you. We had none of the dread which travelers of powerfully original minds express of being told what, and when, we were to feel; and we thought Rogers a good, kind friend, saving us from a great deal of uncertainty. It was decidedly pleasant to know that our thoughts must be "lifted to God from god-like men," and that after being "excited by this sail to a little hero-worship," we must "drink of the three fountains," and "come back better." We had heard dreadful accounts of the storms which rise suddenly upon this lake. Shall we confess it? For the first half-hour, though we kept devoutly repeating Rogers, we thought much more of the inability of our old boat to breast the mountain waves than of any thing else. We were soon near a promontory called Meggenhorn, by which lies a very small island, the only one in the lake. It once had upon it an obelisk painted to resemble granite, surmounted by Tell's apple and arrow! It was an absurd thing; the lake bore the disgrace a few years, and then the lightning came down from heaven and consumed it. As we pass it, the mist is partially dispersed, and we begin to catch, here and there, a gleam of green pastures, so soft and undulating that you are irresistibly reminded of that other distant living green. Here are houses and villas, with piazzas and bay-windows, and little tempting balustrades, as if human beings had any business to live in any thing but shepherds' cots, or in caves under overhanging rocks.

Righi is on one hand and Pilatus on the other, but the sides of Righi are girt with evergreen forests. Here and there is a spot, tree-bound, green as an emerald, over which are pasturing countless herds, while from the steeped rocks above, the chamois looks down with his soft, bright eye, and dares the flocks to "come up hither." And clustering lower still, on our beautiful Righi, cottages, with their long sloping roofs, stand amid luxuriant gardens and rich, teeming fields, while their owners,

loitering down to the banks of the lake as we sail along, add the most interesting feature to this rare landscape.

When we turn to Pilatus, what a contrast! A few small hamlets cluster together at its base, with a frightened, deprecatory look, as if they remembered how in one of its angry moods it once sent down a torrent so wild and vehement that not a single house or inhabitant remained to tell the story of its wrath.

The traditions are all wild and fearful connected with this mountain. The name Pilatus was derived from that of the wicked Governor of Judea, who wandered the world over, ever with the patient face of Him whom he had crucified gazing, with its look of unutterable sorrow, pain, and sympathy into his, until life was a burden no longer to be borne. At last, coming alone to the top of Pilatus, a lake dark and deep as his sin tempted him to seek within it the rest denied him elsewhere. But it was only rest to his body; his guilty spirit still hovers constantly over the spot, wrapping itself in clouds and darkness, and spending its fury when overburdened by remorse in storms and hurricanes. If an unwary hand but stirred the waters of this lake, the revenge was instant and awful. Down it swept over the rugged mountain-sides, tearing up stout old trees, and hurling them, like wisps of straw, far below into the surging, trembling lake. Government forbade the ascent of this mountain for hundreds of years, so firm was their belief in the superstition; and even as late as 1555, the naturalist, Conrad Gesner, was obliged to apply for a special license in order to prosecute upon it his scientific researches.

It is not surprising that, among a nation so full of wild poetry as the Swiss, with so decided a religious character, this superstition still obtains.

Here we are at Weggis, and here begin high precipices, and of these, singularly enough, the top ridges belong to the far-famed canton of Unterwalden, while those green meadow-lands, being along its base, belong to the more smiling Lucerne. Pass these precipices, and we are between the Noses. How queer! They look like pic-

tures we have seen of two old women telling secrets over a mug of beer. They are the Righi and Burgenburg, and while they whisper (are they love-words ?) over the deep waters, our boat must stop ; we expect steam to be let off, the boat put about, and some other mode of egress sought. But no ; on we go, literally, right in the very nose and eyes of surrounding obstacles. Here is a narrow opening at last, and, holding steadily on, the gray rocks seem to have overlapped each other, and Lucerne appears to lie behind us, while a new lake, broad, still, mountain-bordered, woos us on. This is the Gulf of Buochs, and these two grand mountains you see are the far-famed Buochset and Stantzer Horn. Turn from these to the opposite shore ; there is Gersau, the smallest independent territory in the world.

Every thing is in contrast here ; green and sunny, or bare and desolate. We turn from verdant Gersau, and the bare peak of Mythen is near us. How dreary ! And here lies Brunnen at its base, with its fine views up and down the lake, and its warehouse, by way of a chapel, divided like so many other sanctuaries, between the worship of God and Mammon. They call this the Sust, and on its outer walls are rude paintings of the meetings of the three confederates, said to have taken place in this spot, in 1315, after the battle of Morgarten. And now we are fairly in the Tell country ; every rood of sea and land becomes consecrated ground. You do not need to be told it. Throw Murray aside. The beetling precipices which come sheer down from those far-off cliffs have freedom written all over them. God has built this citadel, with its buttresses, its towers, its pinnacles, its battlements, and he has dug a deep and wide moat round about it. It were more than a shame—it would be a sin, to be a slave *here*.

This is the bay of Uri or Fluellan ; but you must pass this obelisk, this singular rock, Wytenstein, before you enter the bay. It rises out of the water like a sentinel, but God placed it there, and his eye has watched over it long. Now you are in the bay. Let Sir James Mackintosh say for us what we are unable to say so well for

ourselves : " It is upon this that the superiority of Lake Lucerne to all other lakes, and, as far as I know, scenes upon earth, depends. The vast mountains rising on every side, and closing at the end, with their rich clothing of wood, the sweet, soft spots of verdant pasture scattered at their feet and sometimes on their breast, and the expanse of water unbroken by islands, and almost undisturbed by any signs of living men, make an impression which it would be foolish to attempt to convey by words." So we think ; still Sir James helps us to make a picture, though the sun and the sky, the lights and the shades, the low breathing music of the stirring trees, are all wanting to its perfection.

The precipices recede a little, and as our boat moves slowly, very slowly on, we see a small ledge between them and the lake, and the birds, or more adventurous winds have dropped upon this little spot some few seeds, which have sprung up and bear fruit abundantly. They are surrounded by such dots of living green, that it would almost seem as if they had dropped large emeralds too ; and here, upon this very ledge, once upon a time, when man was proving the fidelity of God's garrison, three men came in the dead of night. We give their names, because it is pleasant, occasionally, to have our memories refreshed : Werner Stauffacher, Arnold an der Halder, and Walter Fürst. They had come to form plans for liberating their country from the Austrian yoke. But let Schiller tell the story :

" What is it, at this ghostly hour of night,
Here to the lake's inhospitable shore,
Has called three cantons from their mountain homes ?
What shall it purport, this new covenant,
Which here beneath the starry skies they form ?
Let that be done, which must be done—no more.
We'll hunt the Vogts, with all their hireling train,
From off our soil—their strong castles raze ;
Yet, if it may be, without blood.
We will be freemen, as our fathers were,
And sooner welcome death than live as slaves.

We will rely on God's almighty arm,
And never quail before the power of men."

Of course all the details of this revolution, if revolution it may be called, are as familiar to our readers as household words. So we shall confine ourselves strictly to the events which our lake localities immediately suggest. We must leap on shore, and drink one hasty draught of that miraculous, holy spring which God, smiling upon the bravery, fidelity, justice, and temperance of his garrison, caused to spring immediately out of the ground upon which they were standing. Three springs of living water, bubbling, sparkling springs! We took a cup made from a chamois's horn, filled it to the brim, and drank to the true American toast, *Liberty and Equality!* As we reëmbark, we notice a very fine prospect from this celebrated spot, and there is a scar upon the face of the opposite precipice, upon which Simond indulges in a joke, facetiously remarking: "The fragment which left such a trifling blemish was about twelve hundred feet wide. When it fell, it raised such a wave on the lake as overwhelmed five houses in the village of Sissigen, distant one mile, and eleven of its inhabitants were drowned. The swell was felt at Lucerne, more than twenty miles off." And now, up from the lake rise steep precipices. Our boat moves on, with a slow, dignified motion, as if conscious that *this* is Switzerland; and as we round one of the many graceful curves with which this portion of the lake abounds, we find another platform of rock shelving out suddenly from the steep sides of Achsenburg. It is very small, but here is a curious little chapel built upon it. We have seen it hundreds of times before; it is as familiar as the temple of Vesta. It has been on paper-knives, on card-baskets, on card-racks, on book-stands, formed out of choicest alabaster and commonest plaster, cut in Alpine wood, engraved in every size. No one hesitates a moment; from side to side of our boat, ring out the words: "Tell's chapel!"

Did the veritable William Tell, going a prisoner tight-bound, thrust ignominiously

into the bottom of the boat, and held there by the feet of common sailors while the tyrant Gessler sat taunting him from his cushioned, curtain-draped seat—did he, taking advantage of a storm which rose, when the fear of death loosened his shackles, and put the helm within his hand in the midst of dashing waves and the howling, driving storm, put his rocking boat toward this beetled cliff, and spring upon it a rescued man? No matter whether he did or not, you can not disbelieve here when every eye is sparkling with the divine hero-worship.

This chapel is a round wooden temple, with its roof supported by a number of very graceful columns. The proportion of the whole is pleasing, but it is injured by being full of poor paintings, illustrating scenes in Swiss history. Our boat went so close to it that we could easily have performed the Tell feat of leaping ashore; but not being on our way to the dungeons of Küsnacht, we had no temptation. In Italy, a distant view of such famous spots was often the most poetical; so we were willing to find ourselves leaving it behind, while the small wooden wharf of Fluellan came in view.

Fluellan, be thy existence forever forgotten, thou blot on a Swiss landscape! where idiocy, wretchedness, and poverty, in their most disgusting and loathsome forms, crowd upon the stranger. Can it be that these poor, miserable, degraded creatures who throng about you are descendants of a race that once boasted a William Tell? We grow faithless. Here is a carriage. Let us hasten on to Altdorf.

A half-hour's drive brings us to a small town only a few degrees better than Fluellen. Look not to the right nor the left, but directly before you. The carriage turns into a narrow, crooked street, and there is the square and the fountain, and, we must confess it, a droll figure of a short, broad William Tell, with a face out of which every human expression has been frozen by terror, or whittled by a jackknife. Near him stands that immortal boy, with a funny little round apple, looking like a pinched winter russet, on his head. The artist (forgive the profanation of the name!)

meant to put indomitable courage in those starting eyes and great thick lips. But enough! Happy the eye which, seeing through the ludicrous, can discern another and deeper meaning.

We will pick a leaf from the lime tree, upon which spot was once the pole, from the top of which the tyrant Gessler's hat waved the Swiss on to liberty.

Reader, if you wish to retain one spark of poetic belief in the grand old story of the immortal Tell, never put your foot off the boat on the Fluellan wharf. Spend hours, if it must be, gazing always back,

and rejoice, as we did, when the prow of the boat turned toward Lucerne, dipped itself once more in the classic wave, and, repassing the Tell Chapel, Gruti, Wytenstein, Brunnen, Weggis, we hail Mount Pilatus as a surly old friend, and at last, well pleased, weary but burdened with pleasant memories, we reach once more the wharf before our hotel, while our flag is fluttering to a breeze from the Righi's summit, and our band is sending far over the quiet waters the sweet Ranz des Vaches.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS BIOGRAPHER.

THERE is no more touching biography in the English tongue than that of Walter Scott by his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart. No one can read that graphic portraiture and not have his natural admiration of the author greatly increased, as the curtain is raised, and, in that small library-room, he sees dashed off in a few morning sittings, sheets that constitute volumes of intensest interest. The wonder is increased almost to incredulity, in beholding, year after year, this atelier of the Scottish chieftain, wherever the man chances to be—in his town house, in the chamber of a friend, at the wayside inn, or in his daughter's little cottage of Chiefswood—and all the while Scott punctiliously prompt in discharging a high-sheriff's duties—dispensing a large hospitality—manifesting the considerate attention of a husband, and the constant thoughtful affection of a father and of a friend. Yet will the most casual reader discern a vein of unconscious sadness pervading the biographer's pages.

Scott's pecuniary embarrassments, his undaunted struggle to the last to bear up and retrieve, are all simply and pathetically narrated. But saddest of all to the Christian reader, is the absence of any evidence that with all his gettings Scott ever secured "the durable riches." It is, how-

ever, pleasant to know that he was not altogether insensible to "the better thoughts" that pertain to "the better land."

In laying out and embellishing the surroundings of Abbotsford, he located his bowling-green near his "Peter-House," and hedged it around with thrifty hollies. For this he gave the following reason: "I wished to have a smooth walk and a canny seat for myself within ear-shot of Peter's evening psalm. The coachman Peter, was," says the biography, "a devout Presbyterian, and many a time have I in after-years accompanied Scott on his evening stroll, when the principal object was to enjoy, from the bowling-green, the unfailing melody of this good man's family worship, and heard him repeat, as Peter's manly voice led the humble choir within, that beautiful stanza of Burns's Saturday Night:

'They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
aim,' etc."

It is said Madame De Staël had the Fisherman's Farewell in the Antiquary read to her on her death-bed. But neither that nor any other of all his thrilling pages sufficed for *his* stay and his staff, when he was called to disrobe the

mortal for the immortal. It was then he desired his son-in-law to read to him; when asked, "From what book?" he said: "Need you ask? There is but one." The fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel was read to him. The dying man could but articulate: "Well, this is a great comfort. Lockhart, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious—nothing else will give any comfort when you come to be here." With that testimony he passed away.

It is barely possible, had the biographer been a true believer, when he selected and grouped the incidents so unpretendingly "set" in that most charming biography, there might have been more such revelations. He does indeed express his belief that his great relative "entered in" among the blessed. But Lockhart at that time was any thing but religious, and therefore his opinion does not give us the assurance we could wish. Certainly neither his record nor any thing in all the myriad pages of the voluminous author, afford just the evidence desired that Sir Walter died a confessed and accepted disciple of the Master.

With the brilliant biographer, the case is different. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman, he was early and thoroughly instructed in the principles of the Christian religion. But he had a mind and character of his own. With personal malice toward none, he was an unmitigated caricaturist, and at times a pungent satirist. With an intense perception of the ludicrous—in social and convivial converse, overflowing with fun—it is no wonder his exuberance sometimes, unwittingly perchance, trenched upon topics and objects too nearly allied to the solemn and the sacred, to be agreeable to the strictest sects of his father-land. Perhaps it was the irrepressible indulgence of such a temperament, rather than any overt and positive utterances that induced the general belief that, in religious sentiments, he was a "gay and festive" free-thinker. Such impression may have arisen, certainly it was strengthened, by the knowledge that he was one of the foremost of the inspiring spirits of the cynical, satiri-

cal—if not sneering—but most entertaining and sparkling articles, which at one time made Blackwood the favorite magazine of the rollicking, roystering wits and literary picaroons of that age. Certain it is, whatever may have been the inspiration, he was loose or "liberal" in his deliverances; but long ere the last change overtook him, a great change had come over him. We rejoice we may believe it was "the saving change."

Not, however, until he had been chastened by the death of Sir Walter, by the loss of his darling Hugh Littlejohn, by the agonized bereavement of that "beau ideal of a poet's daughter and a poet's wife," do we read that, "when in conversation with a clergyman with whom he lived in closest intimacy, with whatever topic this colloquy might begin, it invariably fell off, so to speak, of its own accord, into discussions upon the character and teaching of the Saviour; upon the influence exercised by both over the opinions and habits of mankind; upon light thrown by them on man's future state and present destiny; and the points both of similitude and its opposite between the philosophy of Greece in its best days and the religion of Christ. Lockhart was never so charming as in these discussions. It was evident the subject filled his whole mind, for the views which he enunciated were large, and broad, and most reverential," etc. Of his closing hour, it is said: "He quietly expired in the month of December, 1854, . . . with a settled faith in God's mercy, through Christ, and in perfect charity with all men."

Though genial and jovial, in his younger, if not in his maturer years, he was eminently self-controlled and reticent. An *exhibition* of joy or sorrow, in any circumstances, was with him unbecoming. To such an extent did he carry this repressive feeling, that, in early life, losing within a few days a brother and sister, while all around were in tears, he alone was apparently unmoved; but the effort to preserve placidity cost a severe and alarming illness. The death of his wife—that best beloved and favorite child of Scott—pierced Lockhart to the quick: and

yet, to common acquaintances, he seemed after he had just laid her forever away, to be "pretty much what and as he had ever been." It was this apparent callous stoicism, under such a mighty bereavement, which led to the rumor that he had not loved, and therefore did not mourn his wife as a husband should. As if human being could have known, as Lockhart did, that frank, genial, affectionate woman and wife, who so diffused sunshine and love wherever she went—who was so long the chosen confidant, and almost constant companion of the great Warlock himself, when office and authorship were all ignored—and not love, and miss, and mourn the mother of his children. If Anthony Pasquin, under like reproach of callous heart, could use those proud words,

"Cold drops the tear that blazons common woe ;

What callous rock *retains* its crystal rill," etc,

with much more pertinence could the reticent, suppressive Lockhart have thus justified himself, because no "waters of Marah" gushed from his smitten heart. Nobly, touchingly did he vindicate himself from such impeachment, in lines to Mrs. Norton, the poetess, only published by her

long after that proud heart was at rest at the feet of Sir Walter, in Dryburgh Abbey :

When youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave ;
Be constant to the dead—
The dead can not deceive.

Sweet, modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day !
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May—

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom ;
Fond hope and vision vain,
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more—

Beyond the sphere of time
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego :
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so !

THE WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHERS have often been called "knights of the black art," because of the mysterious way in which they perform their dark doings, and the truly magical results they produce. They take iodides, bromides, hyposulphites, chlorides, concentrations, nitrates, distillations, bi-chromates, and bi-carbonates, mix them together, and calling in the spirit of old Sol to their assistance, prestigitate them into figures that are life-like and wonderful. The most of those who sit for a picture know but little of the way in which this is done ; they have as little idea of it as a wonder-stricken child has about the legerdemain of Hermann or Blitz. All

they know is, that they are so posed and twisted and contorted by the operator, that they "would rather go to the dentist's ;" that they are made to put on, or themselves assume, an expression they never have at any other time ; that they are allowed to exchange looks with the shining eyes of the camera-box, and then the operator rushes into a little dark room from which he presently emerges with disarranged hair and mysterious look, tells them to call next day and receive their pictures, which they do, still mystified as to how the thing is done. They do not know that the tiny *carte* they are criticising has passed through twenty-five pairs

of hands in the little time it was being made and finished; but such is the fact.

The *negative*, from which photographs are printed, is what you sit for while in the sky-light. It is so called, because the lights and shades therein are reversed from those in your figure. Or, in other words, if your hair and eyes and dress are dark, they will appear light in the negative, and *vice versa*. They appear in their proper place in the pictures, which are called *positives*. The negative is made on clear, crystal glass, first polished and well cleaned with powdered rotten-stone or alcohol, coated with a creamy mixture of ether, alcohol, gun-cotton, and sundry bromides and iodides, and dipped into a bath of pure water and nitrate of silver, after remaining in which a few moments, the collodion film becomes highly sensitive to the light, being impregnated with the silver solution, which makes it turn black whenever light is permitted to strike it. This fact may be proved by pouring a little nitrate of silver over a piece of paper and placing a leaf thereon; after exposure to the sun awhile, an imprint of the leaf will be found on the paper, showing every vein and pore—black, where the light has shone through, white, where the substance of the leaf has covered the paper. In the same way are negatives made, and your image is fixed in the sensitized film by the sunbeams as they dance around you while you are sitting for your picture. After the sitting, the artist takes the negative into the mysterious little dark room; we will go along and see what he does, provided you walk softly and make no dust, for dust is a great enemy to successful manipulation, and that is why “no admittance” is placed over every dark room door, and why the doings inside are kept so mysteriously secret.

You shall now see him pour a solution over your negative, which at first looks like a frost-covered window, and watching it a moment, you shall see your own image come up from the hoary surface and stand out in bold relief before you, an unmistakable likeness, but a *negative*. It is now well washed, *fixed* with another

solution, dried, varnished, and placed in the hands of the printer, whom we will go up and see presently.

We pass through a room where several young ladies are at work, floating pure white sheets of paper upon a substance made of the white of eggs and called albumen. These sheets, after being hung over wooden rods until dry, are pressed, and taken into a second dark room, where they receive treatment not unlike that of your negative. The sheet is floated upon a silver solution, dried thoroughly, placed in a close box containing ammonia, where it is fumed a little while, after which it is ready for the printer. He places the paper and the negative face to face, presses them together in a wooden frame, and places both in the light. In a little while, if the light be strong, the paper becomes entirely changed in color, and your image, as you appeared to the operator, is plainly visible upon its surface. Expose it to the light, however, and it will soon grow black. To prevent this, the print must be washed well and then fixed, which requires the aid of yet another solution, composed of hyposulphate of soda and water. After fixing, it is again washed, but does not yet assume the proper tone and color. This is attained by another process, called *toning*, which consists in dipping the print in a solution of chloride of gold and other ingredients. A grand and final bath is now given the print, wherein it is made to whirl around and wash itself for several hours, by sundry saucy streams of water shooting at it all the time. From this bath it is taken, dried, neatly trimmed, pasted on a card, dried, pressed, polished, and delivered to you, after having whirled through at least twenty-five different pairs of hands, or through the same hands as often.

Thus you become acquainted with the doings of the mysterious photographer, which are as easy to imitate and perform as the doings of any other magician, provided you know how.

But Photography is not to be confined, nor is it, to taking the pictures of coarse, ugly men and capricious women. True, the way in which it accomplishes this is

extremely wonderful, and enough for one art to accomplish, but it is not all. It is becoming daily of more and more importance, though yet in its infancy, and its uses and appliance are just beginning to be discovered. It acts as a moral agent, creating a new taste for the beautiful. It is an educational power, bringing to our tables copies of ancient manuscripts, reproductions of ancient and modern architecture, foreign scenery, and copies of works of art, doing in a brief space of time what years of patient study and labor could not perform. It serves the cause of justice, stepping in between the judge and the perjured witness, telling "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." It is a fine art, reproducing nature as no artist-hand was ever able to do it. See yonder mountain wave coming toward us with rapid speed, the monarch of the deep! There! I have opened my camera and it has all tumbled in, and in a little while you shall take it home with you and place it on your table. I will catch that foaming steed as he goes prancing down the street, and bring him tamed to your side. I will arrest the arm of the assassin as he would strike his victim, and catch yonder dove as it bears its precious message. Cuba I will bring, with her rich foliage, luxurious fruit, and myriads of forest musicians, right to your door; and great icebergs and glaciers shall stride into your parlor. The ruins of Pompeii shall stand in their wondrous grandeur before you; the dark mysteries of Egypt's great pyramids shall be revealed to you, and their interiors be hung upon your walls; the wild beasts of India's jungle shall be caught leaping upon their prey, and laid quiet and harmless at your feet. Yonder giddy mountain-height shall be brought so near that you can trace its rugged pathways, and see the young eaglets as the parent bird bears them from the eyrie upon her wings, and then, darting from under them, leaves them to find their way back again. Those great clouds, racing with their shadows along the mountain-side, defying the destroying sun and belching forth their angry lightning, shall be placed in

my box, and brought to you. That joyous waterfall, surrounded by groves of gentle ferns, swaying their slender heads to and fro as if beating time to its music, and the beds of velvet moss sipping their life and freshness from the spray, shall be included. That awful chasm, adown which you can not climb, barring your entrance to yonder beautiful valley of flowers and shrubbery, and romantic-looking caves, and islets, and silver streams, shall be yours. I will not creep, fearful and trembling, adown its rugged sides, catching at every twig and blade of grass or protruding root or stone, but will clear them all with one mighty leap in a straight line, and in an instant bring you back all and more than your eyes can reach. I will include a mile of that gorgeous mountain, with its rich foliage, towering rocks, and pendent boulder, threatening the life of the rough and saucy stream below, and those giant pines. Franconia shall bow and creep in the box. Niagara shall be caught, angrily foaming and roaring with rage, and lava-belching Vesuvius shall be cooled down, and brought where you can see it, without moving your body. Your studio shall be crammed with works of ancient art and pictures of vast extent. Leaves shall be leaves, foliage shall be foliage, and life shall be life, and not meaningless daubs as you would color them.

But none the less wondrous than all these is the progress of photography during its short life. It would take a volume to record it. Only a few years since, this infant art was just able to hold up its tiny arms in the lap of Daguerre, grasping at the sunlight, coaxing this and that obstreperous chemic to fix an image on a polished plate. Little laboratories presently started, nervous and trembling, as if not sure of ultimate success, and here and there an adventurer entered the business of sun-painting with like fears. Now the infant has grown in strength and dignity, and stands beside the arts. The humble laboratory has been succeeded by a large and spacious one, with a high chimney and a puffing engine. Large business palaces on our principal streets have

sprung up in numbers, laden with goods to supply the demands of the new art. Not a month glides away without some photographic votary receiving a patent for some useful invention of apparatus or process. Authorship has found a new sphere, and books on photography, and journals in the interest of the art, ably edited by scientific men, are published and well supported in America, Canada, England, France, Germany, Italy, Prussia, Spain, Russia, India, and we believe in Australia. And great album and frame manufactories are constantly at work to supply the demand which photography creates.

A few years ago it was considered an expensive luxury to possess a likeness of one's self. Now, with little cost, each individual of the family may be taken in various positions, from dignified papa and loving mamma down to saucy, merry little Freddie, or all in a group, each year as the wedding anniversary rolls around. Pictures of the beloved pastor and favorite generals, our ball or boat club, or our "picnic" party, can all be made quickly and cheaply. The lamp-shades, the toilet-bottles, the fans and the vases are all adorned by Photography. The bridal dress is embellished now with real photographic pictures, printed beautifully upon the rustling, sparkling satin, and the kerchief is adorned with the picture of the best beloved, with little trouble. Daily winning new friends, and creeping quietly into new places and new appliances, it would be impossible to predict the future

travels and wondrous usefulness of Photography.

The United States Coast Survey, Army Medical Museum, Patent-Office department, Capitol Extension, Naval and War departments, all employ their photographers constantly. The astronomer, philosopher, chemist, surgeon, and machinist all depend much upon its aid. Photographic societies are organized in all our principal cities. And at our fine art exhibitions and grand "fairs," Photography performs a useful and entertaining part. Hundreds of amateurs amuse themselves in its practice, among whom are some of our most scientific men; and abroad, even royalty stoops to such dark doings as Photography requires. Men who would not be seen handling a box or dusting a shelf in their own store, boast of fingers and linen stained with nitrate of silver and odoriferous chemicals, and are not ashamed to carry their tents and other apparatus upon their backs up and down through the country, with dusty faces and perspiring brows, even at the risk of having the country children taking them for a hand-organ man and clamoring for music!

No more pleasant and delightful pastime could be chosen. Let such as have the time, try it. Travel out among the flowers and hills and the wildwood, and bring home a portion of them to hang upon the walls. Be your own artist, and change your pictures often, and share the pleasure of participating in and probably discovering some new Wonders of Photography.

ELM-BLOSSOM.

THE bloom of the elm is falling,
Falling hour by hour,
On the buds and the golden blossoms,
That are badges of Spring's sweet power;
On the white-throat, little budler,
That, as he buildeth, sings;
On the chattering, glittering starling;
And on the swallow's wings.

The bloom of the elm is falling
Upon the passing bee;
And on the rosy clusters
That stud the apple-tree;

On the sloping roof's brown thatching;
And on the springing grass;
On the dappled, meek-eyed cattle;
On lover and on lass.

With the rain and with the snow-flakes,
The angel of the year
Comes with his swift wings glancing,
Bringing us hope or fear:
Now dying leaves, now blossoms,
He scatters o'er the land:
In storms and in the sunshine,
I've seen his beckoning hand.

BROWN STUDIES.

Not exactly sombre studies, which "brown studies," tasking the brow painfully, are supposed to be; quite the reverse; for the Browns are a hopeful race, and it is about them we propose to write. Old as the creation; for what is Brown but Red, with a dusky hue? so that the very first man must have been a Brown. If red from his composition, or the color of his blood, or the red earth (Adam?) from which he was formed, he soon became Brown by exposure to the sun.

Was it on this account that the first bear was a Brown, Bruin or Brown in the Scandinavian, and pretty much the same in some of the older languages? The old Berserkers had a touch of the bear in them. Many a rough aboriginal man, we doubt not, belonged to this class, and was a genuine Brown. The strong, shaggy nature from which is derived the finer composition of modern times was no disgrace in those early days, for it was the sign of native power. Nimrod, "a mighty hunter before the Lord," was an unquestioned Brown. Methuselah, from his native vigor and long exposure to atmospheric influences, must have been a Brown. Noah belonged to the same race. Ham is supposed to have been of darker shade, but Shem was undoubtedly a Brown. The descendants of Eber, whose name sounds very much as if it were derived from a similar root, were Brownings, if not actual Browns. So also the Ishmaelites, and the more modern Arab tribes, were intimately related to the Browns. They have all the family characteristics. Mohammed, we are told, had black eyes and light brown complexion. Abd-el-Kader is of the same hue.

The Pelasgians were Brownish men. Homer, whether a child of the isles or of the continent, must have been a Brown. All the mighty warriors of Ilion were of the same hue. Ajax, Agamemnon, and the renowned Ulysses were Browns.

In a question of this sort, of course, we would not be dogmatic; but are not all
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the etymologic and ethnic probabilities in our favor? We are no Brown ourselves—would that we were!—our impartiality, therefore, must be conceded. The question is one of pure historic fact. The name indeed, as a patronymic, had not yet *crystallized*. It was simply *diffused*, like the universal Brown of nature, with its endless diversities of hue. Only one here and there was, by preëminence, designated Brown, or the man Brown.

When it became a distinct family name, we will not undertake to say. It is certain, however, that it was a common name among the Italians, derived, as may be assumed, from the Latins, among whom there were Fuscii (Browns) and Subnigri (deeper Browns). Fuscus Aurelius, a brilliant rhetorician, and the teacher of Ovid, flourished at Rome in the latter years of Augustus. The Brutii must have been of kin to the Browns. So were the Rufi, the Rufini, and possibly the Rubri. Æsop, we suppose, was a Subniger, the "Dun Brown" of his day.

The name, we know, is common enough in German, and especially in Italian, history. We have Bruno the Great, archbishop of Cologne, great in learning and greater still in his love of learned men. Then we have St. Bruno, which is simply St. Brown, founder of the Order of Carthusian Monks. About the time of the revival of Greek literature in Italy, we find the name of Leonardo Bruno, frequently called Aretino, from Arezzo, the place of his birth. A great admirer of Petrarch, and an enthusiastic lover of classical literature, he translated into Latin the writings of Aristotle, the orations of Demosthenes, Plutarch's Lives, and other works. He was Secretary of the Florentine Republic, and wrote its history. He also wrote the biographies of Dante and Petrarch, and a commentary on the affairs of his time.

Much more celebrated and of a deeper genius, Giordano Bruno, born near Na-

ples, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, poet, philosopher, reformer, martyr, and some would say madman, though there was method in his madness, created a great stir in his day, and exerted a wide and permanent influence upon philosophic thought. He has been better appreciated, however, in modern times than he was in his own. Schelling, whose philosophical genius was akin to that of his Italian prototype, admired him so much that he gave the name of *Bruno* to one of his own philosophical works. Coleridge discerned his faults but appreciated his genius, and had he carried out his plan of writing a work on neglected authors, Bruno would have been one of them.

A true Berserker soul, in fact a very Nimrod in philosophy, at once strong and ungovernable, Bruno plunged into the deep "Serbonian bog" of metaphysics, where he floundered all the days of his life. Rising now and then into the pure daylight, and discerning from afar the eternal Sun, *unus et intus*, ravished with the eternal ideas of truth, beauty, and goodness, after all he lost his reckoning, and sank deeper and deeper in philosophic doubt. Transcending the limits of his own mind, and indeed of all minds, he imagined himself capable of construing the universe, and explaining the nature of absolute, eternal Being. He was thus caught in the snare of Pantheism, and while making God All and All God, he lost sight of the sun and stars of Divine revelation.

Educated as a Dominican monk, he left that order to rid himself of Romish superstitions, visited Geneva and Wittemberg, where he taught philosophy, starting the reformers with his shocking doubts and daring speculations. Irascible, impatient, impetuous, he defied all reasonings and expostulations, left them in disgust, and returned to Italy and Catholicism, though not precisely as a Catholic or even as a Dominican. He maintained that God was the soul of the universe, and that the universe itself was vital and divine, consequently infinite. With all his errors, he approached the great discovery of Copernicus and Newton

as to the plurality of worlds, and this it was which especially startled the Papal authorities, who regarded the teachings of such men as Copernicus and Galileo not as speculations to be pitied, but as crimes to be suppressed. Still Bruno might have escaped with impunity, but his overbearing pride, impetuosity, and contempt of others, his tremendous invective and unsparing satire of the priests and monks, enraged them beyond measure. He was seized at Venice by the Inquisition, imprisoned for two years, then transferred to Rome, urged to recant, which he courageously refused, and in a few days after, burned to death, February sixteenth, A.D. 1600.

What was the specific nature of the charge brought against Bruno by the Inquisition, has long been a matter of doubt, as none of the proceedings were ever published. Was it the violation of his Dominican vow; or was it his Protestantism; or was it his apparent attack upon the Papacy itself in his work called the *Bestia Trionfante*; or was it his atheism, as they called it—the word pantheism being then unknown? The latter is shown to be the true conjecture, as Cousin thinks he has found by the citation of the following recently discovered and curious letter, from the learned German, Gaspard Schoppe, an ardent devotee of the Holy See then at Rome, to his friend, Conrad Rittershausen:

"This day furnishes me with a new motive for writing to you. Giordano Bruno, on account of heresy, has just been publicly burned alive in the Champ de Flore, before the theatre of Pompey. If you were now in Rome, the greater part of the Italians would tell you that they had burned a Lutheran, and that would doubtless confirm you in your idea of our cruelty. But you must know, my dear Rittershausen, our Italians have not learned to distinguish between heretics of every shade: every heretic is called a Lutheran, and I pray God to preserve them in this simplicity, that they may always be ignorant wherein one heresy differs from others. I myself, perhaps, would have believed, from the general report, that this Bruno was burned on account of Lutheranism, if I had not been present at the sitting of the Inquisition in which his sentence was

pronounced, and if I had not thus learned of what sort of heresy he was guilty. . . . (Here follows an account of the life and journeys of Bruno and the doctrine which he taught.) It would be impossible to give a complete review of all the monstrosities which he advanced either in his books or his discourses. In a word, there is not an error of pagan philosophy, or of ancient or modern heretics, he has not sustained. . . . At Venice he at last fell into the hands of the Inquisition. After remaining there some time, he was sent to Rome, interrogated on several occasions by the holy officer, and convicted by the first theologians. He was allowed forty days for reflection; he promised to abjure, then began to defend his follies, then asked a further delay of forty days; finally, he made sport of the pope and the inquisition, and there, upon his knees, heard the sentence pronounced against him. He was reminded of his course of life, his studies, his opinions, the zeal which the inquisitors had displayed to convert him, their fraternal warnings, and the obstinate impiety which he had shown. Afterward he was degraded, excommunicated, and delivered to the secular magistrate, with the prayer that he would punish him with clemency and without the effusion of blood. (That is, *burn him*, we suppose.) To all this, Bruno replied only in these words of menace: 'The sentence which you pronounce troubles you, perhaps, more than me.' The guards of the Governor then led him to prison; there they again tried to make him abjure his errors. It was in vain. To-day, therefore, he has been taken to the stake. The image of the crucified Saviour being presented to him, he rejected it with disdain. The unhappy man died in the midst of the flames, and, I think, has gone to relate in those other worlds which he imagined (an allusion to the innumerable worlds and to the infinite universe of Bruno) how the Romans are accustomed to treat infamous men and blasphemers. This, my friend, is our mode of proceeding with monsters of this species. Rome, seventeenth February, 1600."

Bruno has been styled the poet of pantheism, as Spinoza was its geometrician. He was the real master of Spinoza, many of whose distinctions, and even phrases, for example, the famous *natura naturans*, and *natura naturata*, are found, word for word, in Bruno. The Monadology of Leibnitz also is derived from the same source.

His philosophical works are in the form of dialogues, after the manner of Plato, without much order or coherence. Full of extravagances and even puerilities, they are sometimes profound and striking, abounding in flashes of far-reaching thought and eloquent expression. His method was rather that of fantasy than reasoning. Indeed, he tells us, with strange simplicity, *non est philosophus nisi fingit et pingit*. His genius and aspiration, however, above all, his integrity, frankness, and courage, win our admiration. He died a martyr to freedom of inquiry and freedom of speech, and his spirit, in this respect, like that of old John Brown, of Osawatomie, another of the heroic Berserker race, is yet "marching on."

Passing by the numberless Browns of England, many of whom have done honor to their name and country, we must linger a little upon the most interesting of them all, Sir Thomas Browne, author of *Religio Medici*, *Urn Burial*, etc. He was born in London on the nineteenth of October, 1605, and died on his birth-day, at Norwich, in 1682. It is recorded of his worthy father, that he "used to open his breast when he was asleep, and kiss it in prayers over him, as 'tis said of Origen's father, that the Holy Ghost would take possession there." This consecration was realized in the beauty and purity of his character, the depth and power of his genius. His mind was clear, capacious, fruitful; his learning ample and accurate, and his style of expression quaint and often eloquent. His writings, not without errors and crudities, abound in wise sayings and pungent observations. His whole tone is calm, reverent, loving. "The horizon of his understanding," says his friend and neighbor, the Rev. John Whitefoot, "was much larger than the hemisphere of the world. All that was visible in the heavens he comprehended so well, that few that are under them knew so much." Coleridge, Lamb, Hallam, Hazlitt, and Bulwer have expressed their admiration of his character and genius. Cowper was so imbued with his spirit, that he has reproduced some of his finest thoughts in the "Task." Dr. Johnson

affirms, "that it is not in the praises of others, but in his own writings, that Sir Thomas Browne is to depend for the esteem of posterity; of which he will not easily be deprived while learning shall have any reverence among men; for there is no science in which he does not discover some skill, and scarce any kind of knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with success." His reverence of God, his love of truth, his magnanimous disposition, his serene faith and holy living give him yet higher claims to distinction; and all these qualities of character appear in his writings.

This last peculiarity, indeed, is one of the greatest charms. They reveal the character of the man, they afford us glimpses of his inmost heart.

Sir Thomas Browne belongs to that class of unconscious, amiable egotists who fascinate the world. Free from pride, envy, and all uncharitableness, he takes us into his confidence, and tells us his most secret thoughts. Charles Lamb—vastly his inferior in moral character and religious faith, while his superior in wit and humor, with a greater mastery of words and word-painting—resembles Sir Thomas in many particulars. He has the same amiable egotism, the same profound thoughtfulness, and especially the same power of quaint and pithy expression. Like Browne, he has a touch of melancholy, and a clear insight into the wants of our common humanity. Both abound in apothegms, and scatter gems of thought in endless profusion. They differ in this, however, that Lamb is condensed and polished, while Browne is diffuse, and not unfrequently rough and awkward. The one is grave and dignified, the other is brimful of fun and frolic. And yet they unite in this, that they discern the better side of things, and long for "the true, the beautiful, and the good."

But we have not space for an adequate estimate of either. All we can now do is to give a few specimens of Sir Thomas Browne's wise and pregnant sayings: "Heresies perish not with their authors; but like the river Arethusa, though they

lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another." "Men are lived over again; the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since, that parallels them, and as it were, his revived self." "Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O Altitudo!*" "I am thankful that I live not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders; then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and see not." "God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; it is a privilege of his own nature: *I am that I am*, was his own definition unto Moses; and it was a short one, to confound mortality that durst question God, or ask him what he was." "The world was made, not so much to be inhabited by men, as to be contemplated, studied, and known by man." "We carry with us the wonders we seek without us." "To ascribe his (God's) actions unto her (Nature) is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writing." "Nature is the art of God." "There are, as in philosophy, so in divinity, sturdy doubts and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than myself, which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees." "That there was a deluge once seems not to be so great a miracle, as that there is not one always." "There are many canonized on earth that shall never be saints in heaven." "Whosoever enjoys not this life (the Christian) I count

him but an apparition, though he wear about him the sensible affections of flesh." "This (the judgment) is that one day that shall include and comprehend all that went before it; wherein, as in the last scene, all the actors must enter to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece." "I fear God, yet am not afraid of him." "*Charity begins at home*, is the voice of the world; yet is every man his greatest enemy, and as it were his own executioner." "The world, I count it not an inn but an hospital; and a place not to live but to die in." "Thy good works, not thy goods, will follow thee into eternity." "Guide not the hand of God, nor order the finger of the Almighty unto thy will and pleasure; but sit quiet in the soft showers of Providence." "Our contentments stand upon the tops of pyramids, ready to fall off, and the insecurity of their enjoyments

abrupteth our tranquillities. What we magnify is magnificent, but like to the Colossus, noble without, stuffed with rubbish and coarse metal within. Even the sun which we behold may have dark and smoky entrails. In vain we admire the lustre of any thing seen; that which is truly glorious is invisible." "Sleep not in the dogmas of the Peripatus, Academy, or Porticus. Be a moralist of the Mount, an Epictetus in the faith, and Christianize thy notions." Among his *resolves*, is this: "To be sure that no day pass without calling upon God, in a solemn formed prayer, seven times a day, within the compass thereof; that is, in the morning, and at night, and five times between; taken up long ago from the example of David and Daniel, and a compunction and shame that I had omitted it so long, when I heedfully read of the custom of the Mohammedans to pray five times a day."

SHORT SERMONS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

NUMBER IV.

"By manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."—2 COR. iv. 2.

PAUL, the apostle, was one of the greatest preachers that ever lived. A burning eloquence, that studied no rules of rhetoric and recognized no laws of logic, yet followed the rules unconsciously and obeyed the laws without mistake, poured forth from his lips, until proud officers of the government bowed their heads in conviction, while the common people, half-crazed by a voice so supernatural in its utterance, brought forth garlands and oxen for sacrifice, exclaiming: "The gods be come down to us in the likeness of men!"

In our text we have this famous preacher writing about preaching. He is at once explaining and exemplifying his power as an expert in the profession. Surely it is worth our while to listen to him.

And the especial fitness of this theme to

Sunday-school teachers lies in the admitted fact that they are all lay-preachers, with small fixed congregations under their pastoral care. Ministers are only teachers with larger classes.

You will find in the verse chosen for introduction to this sermon these three points, around which all that needs to be said can easily be grouped—the nature of a teacher's work; the direction of his effort; and the limit of his responsibility.

I. The nature of the teacher's work. He is to *manifest the truth*. Here are specified both his theme and his duty.

1. His theme is "the truth." A general form of expression this, to be sure; you will understand its meaning better if we draw out the particulars included, one by one.

He is to present the Bible as the *revelation* of truth. We are not left, as were some to whom Paul preached, to grope

after God, if haply we may find him. The Word has been put in our hands. And this is all any Christian needs, no matter what may be the exigency. When Christ would foil the devil in the hour of temptation, he quoted Deuteronomy. When Peter, on the day of Pentecost, would convert the multitude, he expounded one of the Psalms. When Philip would lead the eunuch to the cross, he read him a chapter from Isaiah. And when Apollos was turning thousands of souls from error and sin, the secret of his success was disclosed in one fact: he was "mighty in the Scriptures."

He is to present the Gospel as the *system* of truth. In giving us a New Testament, God told us what use to make of the Old. The history of the patriarchs, the songs of the Psalmist, the enactments of the law-giver, the proverbs of the wise king, the sublime predictions of the prophets, are all of wonderful interest. They stand like the guide-boards on Hebrew highways, each with an index-finger pointing towards a City of Refuge. The one thing above all others in the Bible is the plan of redemption. The children in our classes are under the curse of God's broken law. The great primal sin lies crushingly upon them. They are not sweet, innocent little creatures. Christ himself said he came to save them, because they were "lost." What they want is the Gospel. You can not convert one of them with the story of Ahab, or of the Shunammite's child. These are useful to them only as leading them into the further study of truth. A true teacher will never consider his duty done till he has told them the story of the cross.

He is to present Jesus Christ as the *embodiment* of truth. In that awful hour of indecision, Pilate put the question: "What is truth?" It had already been answered by the Saviour who stood before him: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The characteristic of our Christian faith is the presence in it of a personal Redeemer. This is what gives those four narratives of the Evangelists such power. There every child may read the story of a Man, divine and human, who lived and died for

sinner. He sees that peerless Life, wandering homelessly over the hills of history, retiring to the mountains, walking on the lake, preaching to the multitudes, doing good wherever he moves. He becomes acquainted with Jesus. And as he recognizes him yet more and more frequently, he learns to love him. That Life grows dearer as it grows nearer, until it becomes the one image he looks for in the Scriptures. He grows like it, as he sees it the more clearly. And the true way to lead our pupils to the foot of the cross is just this: Show them more and more of Jesus Christ.

Here, then, is the teacher's and the preacher's theme. He is really to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. The Bible is to him like the inclosure within the outer curtains around the Tabernacle; it is all solemn, precious, and sacred. The Gospel is to him like the many-covered structure that invested the altar and the candlestick, within the consecrated pale. But as the chief glory of all these was found in the Shechinah on the minor mercy-seat, whose white light was what gave the entire edifice its grandeur and worth, so to him the presence of the living Jesus in the Gospel is what gives the word its power.

2. His duty is to "manifest" the truth: that is, make the truth manifest. This also needs to be analyzed.

He is to *explain* the truth until his pupils *understand* it. Not that he is to lift the veil from every mystery, or even reconcile every doctrine with human reason. But he must show what God has really said, until even the youngest and the weakest can comprehend the meaning of the verses. It causes people wonder sometimes to find a man like Simon Peter converted so expeditiously. The explanation is found in the fact of his intelligence. The ancient Jews taught their children in the Scriptures. Each Christian instructor is bound to study himself the truth he attempts to impart.

He is to *confirm* the truth until his pupils *believe* it. Here, however, his office extends no further than merely to exhibit the proofs God has given. He is not so

much set to prop a building likely to fall, as to make evident the fact that it needs no props, and is not going to fall. "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following."

He is to *apply* the truth until his pupils *feel* it. Here is the great duty of every instructor of children; most neglected, yet most indispensable. Every human heart has its peculiar ailment. It needs a specific medicine for cure. That it neither can find for itself, nor will it take what is offered by another. A perverse will rejects every approach. Despite all that is said, a living Gospel is not a comfortable thing to teach or to preach, because it is so uncomfortable a thing to receive. It is like the coal on Isaiah's lips, borne with because needful, but dreaded because on fire. Yet there is no alternative. Children must be made to feel the truth as addressed to their own necessities for salvation. God has not rebuked sin in this world, but sins. He is offended not by an abstraction, but by what somebody has done.

Here, then, is the entire duty of the teacher. It is the very heart of the Gospel laid upon the heart of the pupils. He takes the Bible, turns to the Gospel, and finds Christ. He informs the children's minds, convinces their judgments, then urges his direct way to their consciences. By manifestation of the truth he commends himself to every child's conscience, in the sight of God.

II. The direction of the teacher's effort comes next in order. And it is well to observe, just here, the choice phraseology of the Apostle. He says, "commending ourselves to every man's conscience;" not denouncing him, or attacking him rudely, but drawing him on gently, with all kindness. Old Doctor Miller was wont to say to his students: "The first element of grace in the pulpit is *civility*." And if this is true of men, how much more of children! There is nothing so much in the way of any teacher's success as sharpness or impatience. It only provokes ill-temper, and hinders the truth. When a child's prejudice is awakened, he is lost

for the time being. At the taking of Mansoul in the Holy War, my lord Prejudice fell and broke his leg. "I wish," says the quaint Bunyan, "my lord had broken his neck."

1. The *faculty aimed at* in all our manifestation of truth is conscience. The direction of every intelligent effort is toward that. It is not entertainment of the children for which we come together, but the salvation of their souls. And no hour of labor is worth recording, which does not in some form reach the inevitable question of sin and salvation. This is right, and that is wrong; do this, and reject that—that is the lesson for fifty-two Sabbaths in every year.

2. The *avenues of approach*, however, to this faculty are manifold. Hence the inexhaustible variety in address. Those mostly in use are these three: the imagination, the reason, and the sensibilities.

The imagination loves a *picture*. And when all its vigor is invoked, the skillful teacher will find it easy to turn in the power of the truth he has illustrated upon the conscience, for the will is off its guard.

Nathan wrought David to a great pitch of excitement with the mere story of a poor man's ewe-lamb. Just in the moment of his intensest feeling, around came that long finger pointing at him, with the words: "Thou art the man!" Our Lord told Simon of a very interesting business transaction, and asked his opinion about it. The eager Pharisee answered with much enthusiasm. And then in an instant he found he had been judging his own case, and was convicted of sin before his own conscience.

The reason looks for *argument*. Just underneath the most violent opposition, oftentimes, there is a secret misgiving of the human heart in favor of the truth. The conscience hears the strokes of argument on the gates of the citadel, and makes energetic response. Paul before Felix reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. He hurried that agitated and guilty ruler on, in a chariot of burning logic, over the bounds of time, and far into the vista of eternity; then

the frightened debauchee could not help trembling. His conscience made him feel.

The sensibilities expect fervency of *appeal*. At the present day, listlessness is by far the greatest hindrance, either teachers or preachers have to meet. So we all have to resort to every expedient to break up the apathy. When once the affections are touched, the conscience is exposed. This is the meaning of all those outgushings of tenderness found in the midst of the ancient prophecies. The weeping Jeremiah had a purpose even in his tears. Ezekiel turned his own tenderness to account. These faithful men had but one aim. They argued and pleaded, they presented a picture, they thundered a denunciation, they melted into appeal; any thing—any thing that would win even one soul back to its allegiance.

III. The limit of the teacher's responsibility is all that now remains to be noticed in the text. "By manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience *in the sight of God*."

God sees us! There is in this thought a counsel, then there is a caution, then there is a comfort.

1. The counsel is this: *God* sees us. Paul elsewhere develops this statement thus: "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self; for I know nothing of myself, yet am I not hereby justified; but he that judgeth me is the Lord." Here is the standard of every true teacher's fidelity. Lifting himself above all fear or feeling as to human censure or human praise, and passing even beyond his own self-flatteries and self-distrust, he labors as "in the sight of God." The limit of Christian responsibility is not found in the estimate of men.

2. The caution is this: *God* sees us. He does not have to wait and hear our report. Nor does he inquire what others say about us. He has personal cognizance of all we think or do. The petulant temper, the impatient word, the vexed reply, the ignorant exposition, the hasty appeal—he knew it all at the time. Our listless-

ness in the grand work he has intrusted to us is all plain in his sight.

3. The comfort is this: *God* sees us. Think of that touching refrain to one of our little hymns—"Even me!" When we seem to be working so hard for stupid boys or ungrateful girls; when we feel troubled at heart, yet toil on; when we fail, even though we meant well; when with unappreciated zeal we plod on through the storm or the heat to our distant classes; then, and always, *God* sees us! I may do little enough, but if I try honestly to serve him, *God* sees me—"even me."

It is time to end this Sermon. Yet the lessons I want to leave in the minds of us all are in strict accordance with the text. I desire by manifestation of the truth to commend myself to every man's conscience in the sight of *God*.

1. Now you see how solemn is the office of a Sunday-school teacher. It is simply the office of a minister of the Gospel. Who is sufficient for these things? "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea!"

2. You see the need of a teacher's conversion. How can he teach the truth to whom it has never been manifested? How can he labor "in the sight of *God*" to whom *God* is a consuming fire? Now there is one thing that does not follow from this, and another thing that does. It does not follow that every unconverted man should cease teaching. It does follow that every one who is teaching should become immediately a converted man.

3. You see how even helps may hinder in the process of instructing classes. Illustrations and arguments and appeals are all needful in "manifestation of the truth." But if one is betrayed into chasing up a figure, or insisting on a debate, or continuing an exhortation, until his work becomes the manifestation of a *manifestation*, he is certainly going to be in his own way.

4. You see how popularity sometimes gets in the path, and blocks up usefulness.

It is as easy to entertain children as it is no good. Is this teaching them "in the grown people. When any teacher com- sight of God"?
 mends himself to the taste of story-lov- 5. You see what a lesson is here also-
 ing scholars, it makes no difference how for the ministry of reconciliation to learn.
 many flock to his form. He will do them Alas! alas! poor human weakness!

THE SNOW-BIRD.

HE sits in winter's sleet, and the snow is round his feet,
 But he cares not for the cold;
 For his little cheerful heart thinks the snow as fair a part
 As the summer's green and gold.

On the branches, bare and brown, with their crystals for a crown,
 Sits the little winter-bird,
 In the dark and cloudy days, lightening the lonely ways
 With his constant, cheering word.

To his mission he is true; God has work for him to do,
 With his little song to cheer;
 In his sweet life's simple speech, lessons high and glad to teach,
 In the dark days of the year.

Oh! his little heart is strong, and he never thinks it wrong
 That to him this lot is given;
 Never envies birds that sing in the summer or the spring
 Underneath a sunny heaven.

So he is a teacher sent, with a lesson of content,
 To all spirits that are sad;
 And his song, with richest freight, comes to all the desolate,
 Bidding sorrow's self be glad.

Wouldst *thou* choose thy time or way? does the little poet say,
 God hath ordered these for thee;
 Where thy life can praise him best, he has set thee—only rest,
 And his purpose thou shalt see.

Ye around whose life the snow lieth heavily and low,
 Take a lesson from the bird.
 As God giveth you a day, strive to charm the gloom away,
 Whether listened or unheard.

God hath singers, many a one, that can praise him in the sun,
 As the happy cherubim;
 But I think the songs they raise who are toilers in dark ways,
 Are a sweeter sound to Him.

Not by outer joy and sweetness does He judge of life's completeness,
 But by surer test of worth.
 It may be he gives the grace of his heaven's highest place
 To the lowest of the earth.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. E. G. RANSOM.

"Do you know that young man?" inquired General Sherman of an Aide, as a fine young officer, who had reported for instructions, rode away from his headquarters. "That is General Ransom," he continued, in his impetuous way; "rising man, rising man; one of the best officers in the service; been shot all to pieces, but it doesn't hurt him."

General Howard, who was his immediate superior in the Army of the Tennessee, said of him: "General Ransom was wholly a man. Of fine character and of great capacity, he was equal to any command to which the Government could have assigned him." And Lieutenant-General Grant, who had tested his qualities at Fort Donelson, at Shiloh, and at Vicksburgh, said openly: "No young officer in the service was more deserving than General Ransom." Generals Grant and Sherman had both recommended him to the War Department for promotion, and his commission as brevet Major-General reached his friends just as they were paying the last offices to his memory. Yet, he who had won these commendations from such lips, and who had risen from the ranks to the highest military commission, was not thirty when he died.

There is something in blood. Ransom was the son of a soldier, Colonel Truman B. Ransom, who commanded the Ninth Regiment of United States volunteers in the Mexican War, and fell at the storming of Chapultepec, in 1847. When his country called for volunteers in a nobler cause, the son felt the inspiration of his father's heroic memory and the impulses of his martial spirit, and threw himself into the contest for the life of the nation.

But in the formation of character, training is more than blood; and the early home-life of our hero, and his subsequent discipline in civil engineering and in railway business at the West, under circumstances of peculiar responsibility, developed a true manhood as the basis of a sol-

dierly courage, promptness, and fidelity. Even in childhood, he manifested a generosity, a frankness, a self-sacrificing regard for the happiness of others, which attracted the notice of his seniors, and led his father to pronounce him "a Christian from his birth." Always true, gentle, kind, trustworthy, he was a genuine product of household piety, giving large promise of the fruits of grace.

The beautiful town of Norwich, on the Connecticut, was the home of his childhood, and he drew the first inspirations of liberty and manliness among the Green Mountains of Vermont. He grew up in an atmosphere of academic culture and of Christian refinement, his father being then President of Norwich University, and his house the resort of gentlemen of education. At the time of his father's death, Thomas, though but thirteen years old, was a pupil in the college, which was also a military school, and he continued his studies there till seventeen, when, through the kind offices of an uncle, he removed to Illinois, to engage in engineering. After a few years of successful activity in this profession, he entered into a business engagement in Chicago, where he remained until the death of his patron-kinsman led him to establish himself in Fayette county, Illinois. In looking after his uncle's estate, he showed the same unselfish regard for others which had characterized his childhood, devoting his energies to the care of the bereaved family around him, while he ministered also to the comfort of his widowed mother and her household at the East. He did not marry, because, as he said: "God had given him as many to care for as he could attend to with fidelity." One who knew him well in the private walks of life, describes him as "manly, genial, and the soul of honor." Of fine personal appearance and engaging manners, he possessed also that rare magnetism which attracted the admiration of all who formed his acquaintance,

and the affection of those who became at all intimate with him. In the best sense of the term, he was a *fascinating* man.

It might be assumed that a mind so habitually governed by the noblest motives would be quick to catch the impulse of patriotism that throbbed through the land in the spring of 1861; and within less than a week after the first shot was fired at Sumter, we find him engaged in raising a company in Southern Illinois, ready himself to enlist as a private. Passing rapidly through the grades of lieutenant and captain, he was elected Major of the Eleventh Illinois volunteers, a three months' regiment with which his company was incorporated, and which, after some weeks spent in drilling at Cairo, was ordered to active service in Missouri. Upon the reorganization of the regiment, at the expiration of its first term of service, Major Ransom, who had already proved an admirable disciplinarian, was appointed lieutenant-colonel. A detachment of this regiment made a bold assault upon the rebel camp at Charleston, Missouri, (August nineteenth, 1861,) and Colonel Ransom, who fought with great spirit, was wounded severely in the shoulder. Thirty days' leave of absence was granted him for recovery, but at the expiration of the seventh he reported for duty. This promptness in serving his country, to the disregard of his personal comfort and safety, marked his whole career as a soldier.

His regiment was now transferred to Kentucky, and in February, 1862, was assigned to General Grant's command for the contemplated movement upon the fortifications of the Cumberland and the Tennessee rivers. At Fort Henry, Colonel Ransom again distinguished himself; but the attack on Fort Donelson brought out his great qualities as an officer. Fighting side by side with Logan, then Colonel of the Thirty-first, his regiment helped to stay the furious onslaught of a greatly superior force, until Logan's regiment, having exhausted its ammunition, was compelled to retire. Ransom changed front under a galling fire, and supplying his fighting men with cartridges taken from

the dead and wounded as they fell, he held his ground against overwhelming odds, until ordered to another position, to reach which he had to cut his way through the enemy's cavalry upon his flank. Though wounded early in the fight, he kept the saddle, and received six additional bullets through his clothes. His courage, coolness, promptness, and order saved the day at a critical point, and his regiment was the first to plant a flag on the breastworks inside the fort. Of five hundred men who entered into that engagement, the muster-roll of the regiment showed only one hundred and fifty-two after the fight. General W. H. L. Wallace in his report recommended Lieutenant-Colonel Ransom to the attention of the War Department, and he was soon after promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment, his commission dating from the capture of Fort Donelson.

Colonel Ransom's second wound was also in the shoulder, and threatened him with serious consequences; but he refused to leave his regiment, choosing to remain with his wounded men, and when the army was again in motion, he insisted upon going forward with it, in an ambulance. Eight weeks after the battle at Fort Donelson, and before his wound was healed, he was at the head of his regiment upon the hard-fought and bloody field of Shiloh. Wounded for the third time, he exhibited the same self-control, the same persistent valor, the same lofty devotion to country, that had marked his conduct at Charleston and at Donelson. Major-General McClelland, in his official report, says: "Lieutenant-Colonel Ransom, of the Eleventh Illinois, although reeling in his saddle, and streaming with blood from a wound in the head, performed prodigies of valor."

But it was not only in the field that Colonel Ransom displayed the qualities of the soldier. His training as a business man had developed an executive capacity which was as serviceable in the work of organization and of supervision, as were his personal enthusiasm and valor in an active campaign. After the capture of Corinth, in which he participated in spite

of his recent wounds, he was appointed chief of General McClelland's staff, and was assigned to the command first of the district of Cairo, and next of the post at Paducah, Kentucky. In this service he greatly distinguished himself by his thoroughness and energy as inspector-general of the reserve of the army of Tennessee, and by his vigilance and promptness in baffling the enemy. He organized an expedition against Clarksville, Tennessee, and drove the rebels from that point; then routing Woodward at Garrettsburgh, he expelled treason from the soil of Kentucky. This last movement General Grant reported to the War Department as "a great success, routing the whole concern, and driving them out of the State."

In March, 1863, Colonel Ransom was appointed Brigadier-General, and in the summer of the same year he was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, Sixth Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, then operating under Grant against Vicksburgh. In the long siege of that citadel of the West, General Ransom won his most conspicuous laurels. He shared in the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, and Jackson, by which the army fought its way to Vicksburgh, and in the terrible but unsuccessful assault upon the works of the city, on the twenty-second of May, 1863. The charge of General Ransom's brigade was perhaps the most noted feature of the day. As the charging column advanced toward the breastworks, a storm of grape and canister swept through it from an enfilading battery, killing or wounding many officers, and for an instant checking the whole movement. Perceiving that the men wavered, General Ransom seized the colors of a regiment, and rushing to the front, waved them over his head, and shouted: "Forward, men! We must and will go into that fort. Who will follow me?" Inspired by this action, the column rallied about its intrepid leader, and gained the ditch in front of the fort. But the strength of the position and the commanding fire of the enemy satisfied him that the assault would prove only a useless sacrifice of life. Then, placing himself at

a conspicuous point, he addressed his men in a loud clear voice, as follows: "Men of the Second Brigade! we can not maintain this position. You must retire to the cover of that ravine, one regiment at a time." He then announced the order of retiring, regiment by regiment, and added: "The first man who runs or goes beyond that ravine, shall be shot. *I will stand here, and see how you do it.*" And there, in full range of the enemy's fire, he mounted a stump, from which he could see his entire command, folded his arms, and watched the movement, himself the most exposed man of the whole brigade. A captain of the Seventy-second Illinois, who had been intimate with Ransom before the war, crawled on his hands and knees to the foot of the stump, and begged the General to leave a position of so much danger. Turning his flashing eyes upon the captain for an instant, Ransom said, with an emphasis that commanded obedience, "*Silence!*" and remained where he was, until the movement was accomplished.

In this whole scene—the determination which led on the assault, the consideration which staid the useless sacrifice of life, the discipline which organized an orderly retreat, the courage which faced danger and the coolness which despised it—General Ransom exhibited a combination of qualities which marked him for a great military leader, worthy to be associated with Grant, Sherman, and Thomas.

It was his custom to expose his own person in battle, wherever he felt that his supervision was desirable; or rather, he went wherever he thought it his duty to go—not recklessly, but regardless of consequences to himself. An officer who was a member of his staff in the Georgia campaign, gives the following testimony to his habit in this particular:

"At Atlanta, heavy firing on the line was so very frequent, that general officers usually contented themselves with sending a staff-officer to learn the cause; but General Ransom never failed, by night or day, to visit the line himself immediately on the commencement of a fusillade, for fear that it might be a serious matter.

"He always persisted in visiting, fre-

quently, his picket or skirmish-line, even when it was quite dangerous to do so; and would seldom allow any of his staff to accompany him, on the plea that this would be an 'unnecessary exposure.' Indeed, he never sent a staff-officer to any place where he was unwilling to go himself; while it frequently happened that he exposed himself to dangers which he forbade his staff to encounter. This brave generosity he carried to excess, often putting his own life in danger when the exposure of one far less valuable would have answered the same purpose. But when any one charged him with exposing himself unnecessarily, he always indignantly denied it."

During the siege of Vicksburgh, General Ransom again displayed the fine executive power which had made him so successful in his administration of military posts. He superintended his own section of the works with unceasing vigilance, always acting under a sense of personal responsibility for the lives committed to his care. When it was expected that the enemy would attempt to evacuate the city and break through our lines to reach General Johnston, who was hovering upon our rear, General Ransom restricted himself to four hours' sleep, taking these at mid-day, in order that he might be awake through the entire night, and in the earlier part of the day, when the enemy would be most likely to attack. This sleepless vigilance, however, wore upon his constitution, and brought on an attack of illness that threatened serious consequences. The surgeon declared it necessary that the General should take a furlough and recruit his health at the North; but he utterly refused to leave his post, and by a change of regimen he succeeded in restoring himself to active duty.

Having advanced his command very close upon the rebel works, he was instructed to mine one of their forts, a task which he superintended in person. So skillfully was it executed, that when, after the surrender, General Ransom conducted a rebel brigadier into its recesses, that astonished officer discovered that his own headquarters would have been blown

into the air on the fifth of July but for the surrender on the fourth. Yet such was the fascination of Ransom's personal address, that even in the deadly mine the intended victim was won to a warm admiration of the Union general as a soldier and as a man.

After the fall of Vicksburgh, Ransom was ordered to Natchez. On the night of his arrival, he impressed horses enough to mount a strong force, and before daylight the next morning he was in pursuit of the enemy, whom he overtook and routed, capturing five thousand head of cattle and large quantities of military stores. Having discharged with consummate prudence and ability the duties of post-commander at Natchez, he next took command of a division of the Thirteenth Army Corps, then starting upon an expedition to Texas. This corps had rather an unenviable reputation for lawless foraging; but Ransom, who maintained discipline largely by moral influence, soon retrieved its character. At the beginning of the march through Louisiana, orders were issued prohibiting foraging until Alexandria was passed; but General Franklin, commanding the army, seemed to have no confidence that the order would be respected in the Thirteenth Corps. Yet during the whole march, not a case of foraging was traced to this corps, which thereby acquired an unprecedented reputation for continency. On one occasion, the General gave orders that his command should move the next morning at five o'clock. It was six o'clock before the advance brigade was in motion. That day he issued orders that the command should move the next day "at five o'clock precisely," and informed the brigade commanders that they could procure the time from members of his staff, so that there need be no mistake for want of having correct time. At a quarter-past five the brigade that was to have had the advance was not in motion, and he ordered it to the rear to guard the wagon-train, so that instead of reaching camp for the night at four or five o'clock, it did not get in until midnight. That brigade moved on time thereafter. But while usually mild in his intercourse with

his men, and disinclined to severe measures, yet when the occasion demanded it, the General's anger was swift and his energy terrible. During the repulse of the first day at Shiloh, as he was endeavoring to rally his men, one skulking soldier not only refused to return, but bayoneted the General's horse, and attacked the General himself. Rising in his saddle, Ransom sabred the recreant on the spot.

In the movement upon the coast of Texas, General Ransom was always in the advance. He captured Fort Esperanza and other points, and was assigned to the command of the region of Matagorda Bay, but was soon recalled with his force, to take part in the ill-fated Red River expedition. It is not the province of this Magazine to criticise military movements, and it would be premature to adjudicate upon the merits of the commander of that expedition, until the interests of the service will permit the publication of all the information concerning it that may be in possession of the War Department. But while we are rendering a just tribute to the personal valor and the scientific success of a General who never had any position in the regular army, we may well hesitate to attribute the defeat at Pleasant Hill to the simple fact that our forces were commanded by a "civilian general."

At all events, the responsibility for that humiliating failure did not lie with General Ransom. There is good evidence that he objected strongly to the whole plan of the battle, and especially to the advance at Sabine Cross-Roads, before the expected reinforcements of General Smith had reached the ground. But, as a true soldier, General Ransom obeyed the orders of his superior, and led on his own brigade to the hopeless encounter with vastly superior numbers. Long did he hold his weak line against the terrible charges of the enemy—rallying his men by his ever-inspiring presence, and himself always in the thickest of the fight. At length, in a desperate attempt to save the Chicago Mercantile Battery from capture, General Ransom was shot in the left knee, and, falling from his horse, he was borne from the field on the shoulders of men,

barely in time to escape capture. Three times before, at Charleston, at Fort Donelson, and at Shiloh, he had been wounded on the field, but had always refused to retire until the battle was ended. He now allowed himself to be carried to the rear, only because he saw that the day was already hopelessly lost.

A companion in arms, who was near him through this fight, testifies that "no man ever behaved more gallantly." He also narrates (in the United States Service Magazine for April, 1865) a pleasing incident of the General's *sang-froid*: "The day following the battle at Sabine Cross-Roads, four surgeons examined the wound at Pleasant Hill, and were divided in their opinion—two being in favor of amputation, while the others deemed it unnecessary. The General, who was an anxious listener to the conversation, raised himself on his couch, and said: 'Well, gentlemen, as the house is equally divided on this subject, I will, as chairman of the meeting, decide the question. I shall retain the wounded leg, lead included.'"

It was now indispensable that General Ransom should take the leave he had so often refused. For three years he had been in active service, without intermission, and in almost every battle of the West he had borne a responsible part. Accordingly, after resting awhile at New-Orleans, he visited the North for a few weeks, in the spring of 1864. But his visit was not one of ostentation, nor of idleness. It was truly remarked of him, that he was as modest and retiring in his manners as he was brave and daring in his deeds—"showing his star seldom in drawing-rooms, but always in the front of battle." Thoroughly devoted to his duty as a soldier, he made haste to report to his old commander of the West, then the Lieutenant-General at City Point, and, at his own request, he was ordered to report to General Sherman, who was then in the midst of his grand campaign into the heart of Georgia. Sherman, who had just lost so much in the death of McPherson, welcomed Ransom as a most promising addition to his resources. He was at once assigned to the Sixteenth Corps, but

afterward took command of the Seventeenth, with which he did good service at Atlanta. Nothing could have filled his soul with such delight as did the prospect of marching through Georgia under such a leader as Sherman. But at the very height of his military fame and success, he was smitten with a mortal disease. An exposure of several days in the saddle, in wet weather, upon a reconnoissance, aggravated the symptoms of dysentery which had been gaining upon his already enfeebled constitution. Yet, when the army again moved, he marched with it for a whole week, chiefly by night, and once left his ambulance that he might participate in a skirmish. Obligated at last to confine himself to an ambulance, he continued for several days to give his orders to his corps from his moving bed, though at times his staff apprehended that he would die in the very effort to make known his wishes. He declared that he would not leave his corps, except in obedience to orders, until he left it in his coffin.

On the twenty-eighth of October, 1864, as the army was about to enter upon its seaward march, General Sherman urgently forbade Ransom to take any further risk; and the reluctant invalid submitted to be placed upon a stretcher, that he might be carried back to Rome for rest. With Sherman's "Keep up good heart, my boy!" sounding in his ears as a soldier's farewell, he took a last look at the grand host as it moved on for fresh fields of toil and of victory, little thinking that his own last victory was so near. The next morning, when within six miles of Rome, so marked a change came over the General, that his bearers deemed it prudent to transfer him to a bed in a house by the roadside. When told that he must die, he calmly adjusted his business affairs, gave directions as to the disposal of his effects, and sent messenges of love and of farewell to his friends. "Tell my mother," said he, "I am not afraid to die. My chief regret is, that I can not be spared to serve my country longer; and if I must die, that it can not be with my armor on, confronting her enemies."

In announcing his death, in a general order, to the Army of the Tennessee, Ma-

jor-General O. O. Howard expressed his own estimate of his character and services in these fit words:

"General Ransom was much beloved by all who knew him, and this army has lost one of its most useful officers and brightest ornaments. His noble record is too familiar to need recounting here.

"While with me, in command of his division of the Sixteenth Corps; after the wound of Major-General Dodge, in command of that corps at Atlanta and Jonesboro; and then in command of the Seventeenth Corps during the present vigorous operations, he showed himself an officer of the highest order of merit, as also a man of a pure and exalted character.

"It is with a feeling of deep sorrow at our loss, that I refer to this young man, so full of promise, so enthusiastic in his country's cause, so untiring in his exertions to thwart the efforts of the wicked men who have raised their hands against us; but he has done well his part, and like so many other of our comrades who have worked with us, he has gone peacefully to the haven of rest.

"We will cherish his bright memory, and strive to attain his irreproachable character."

His remains were taken to Chicago, where he was buried with high military and civic honors.

A few days before his death, which occurred just on the eve of the Presidential election, General Ransom wrote to a friend: "Have no fears for the army. The danger is, that you at home will surrender to traitors in your midst. When in the field, with my brave comrades around me, I never doubt that the rebellion will be completely overthrown, that the nation will live. I was glad to get away from the treason that I heard throughout the North. Annihilate it on the eighth of November."

We owe it to the memory of this brave and gifted champion of our cause, and to the memory of the great host of martyrs who gave their lives for the nation, that we ratify their work upon the field, by securing freedom and justice and equality in the state.

A TOAST TO THE BEE.

Down in the glen, where the waters fall
Sparklingly, over the rocky wall
With its dripping moss, and lichens gray,
And bushes wet with the glittering spray;
Where the jealous trees shut out the sun,
That they may enjoy the wild beauty alone;
I stretched me at ease by the fountain's
side,
And dipped my cup in the bubbling tide.

Out of its sheltered, stony bed,
One little clover raised its head;
But a busy bee, who had lost his way
In the lonely glen that summer's day,
Spied the treasure, and holding fast,
Drained from its cup his sweet repast;
And this was the toast that I gave the bee:
"The friends that I love, and the friends that
love me."

We drank it in silence, he and I—
He could not, I would not, have made
reply;
Then away on his swift wing departed the
bee,
And away went my thoughts, much faster
than he,

Far from the lonely glen, far from the rill,
Over the valley, over the hill,
Over the land, and over the sea,
To the friends that I love, and the friends
that love me.

I found them all—not one did I miss;
I greeted each with a loving kiss:
All the dear faces that ever I've known
Looked true sympathy into my own.
Curly heads were laid on my breast,
Baby lips unto mine were pressed;
Love leaped up with enkindled flame,
As I called each dear-loved face by name.

My foot slipped down from the slippery
stone,
I started—and I was all alone!
Over the rocks dashed the noisy rill,
The spray was dripping from branches still,
The bushes bent from the mossy wall,
And the soft clouds floated over all;
And fresh and strong the mountain breeze
Stirred the boughs of the jealous trees:
All this—no more—my eyes could see—
No friend that I loved, no friend that loved
me.

WHITE LILIES.

THE street is full of jarring noise,
The house is full of care;
But smooth the grass-plot shows between,
With lilies standing there,

Serene beside the dusty way,
'Mid sounds of sin, as fair
As if in Eden's silence sweet
They drank their native air.

Alas for me! I strive in vain
The heavenly calm to keep;
Though care and toil awhile may pause,
My tempters never sleep.

With prayerful purposes of love
The early morn begins;
Downcast at evening I return,
With nothing but my sins.

Yet through the turbulence of day
The lilies stand in peace;

And when the hushful night comes on,
And loud street-noises cease,

I see them glimmer through the dusk,
While softly on the air
Their chastened perfume floats abroad,
A tender, voiceless prayer.

O saintly lilies! Flowers of peace!
My heart dissolves in prayer
Your steadfast depths of calm to know,
Your sacred whiteness wear.

Father! that peace, that purity,
Thou givest, at thy will;
Now all my hushed, entreating soul
With thy sweet Spirit fill!

So shall temptation lose henceforth
Its hurtful power for me,
And I, like thy dear lilies, Lord,
Serenely dwell in thee.

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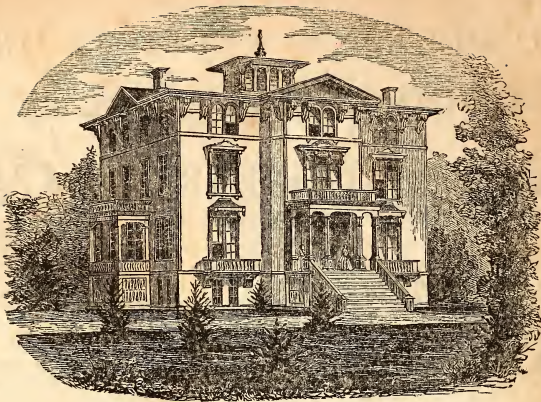
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